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ROB ROY.

THIS reputed chief of the war-like Macgregors was the hero of various exploits, commemorated in traditional story; and many of his "deeds of fame" displayed a generous magnanimity, which in happier circumstances, might have rendered him an eminent benefactor of the human race. In early youth, he was distinguished by a passionate admiration of the poesy of his country, and he is said to have recited several thousand lines. Rob Roy's intimate acquaintance with the soul-exalting relics of bardic composition, no doubt, tended to inspire the liberal humanity, which softened the harsher features of his intrepid—or, perhaps, desperate character. The love of nature led him in boyhood, and in maturer age, to delight in wandering alone through the hills and glens of his native land. In peaceful times, he would, probably, have been conspicuous as a poet; and if, instead of aggression, he had found protection from the powerful borderers of his little property, he was gifted with talents to anticipate the translator of Ossian. Tradition makes him the deliverer of many distressed damsels. On one occasion, travelling alone, through the sequestered passes of *Glenetive*, his natural taste for the sublime was excited by the picturesque grandeur of those romantic scenes. The sun had nearly dipped his golden hair in the western main; but some parting tinges played upon the rugged towering pinnacles of

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Cruachan, and the profound tranquillity of nature was unbroken, except by gentle murmurs of the tides, that with solemn placidity gave a character of life to the waters of the lake. He threw himself along a mossy rock, and gazed on the magnificent perspective until the slim outline could scarcely be traced, between him and the horizon. From enrapturing reveries, he was startled by female shrieks; and drawing his trusty blade he sprung forward to follow the sound. The shrieks were stifled; but the voices of men drew nearer, and they seemed in hot altercation. Rob Roy laid himself down among "tall rank grass of the wild," and distinctly could hear two persons disputing in a high English accent. The one expostulated in behalf of a captive lady—the other insisted upon his right to extort a compliance with his dishonourable solicitations. They still proceeded, through trackless paths; and Macgregor, with silent determination, pursued. They soon disappeared, as if elves of the wood had descended to their *Tomhans*. The screams of a female furnished a direction; while the Celt no longer stood in perplexity, and he lost not a moment in shaping his course according to the sounds, which led him to a decayed turret, the only remains of a fortress, situated upon a craggy eminence. The voice was, at times suppressed, and then burst forth with frenzied energy. Rob Roy feared not the

face, nor the arm of man ; but he afterwards confessed, that early impressions of supernatural agency daunted his courage. Again he recollected, that, "the gleaming counter-spell, the steel of the mighty was in his hand," and he pressed onwards to unravel the mystery. He could discover no door, no window, in the half-ruined tower ; but he perceived, after surrounding the rock, that from a tangling thicket the tones of distress were most audible. The moon emitted some feeble rays, by which he discerned a vaulted passage, which with cautious steps he explored. A faint glimmering of light guided him, where, with disordered dress, dishevelled tresses, and a lovely countenance, marked by tears, he found in a large apartment, a female stretched upon some grass, nearly exhausted by violent efforts. On seeing Rob Roy, she attempted to rise, saying, "If you come to end my life, cheerfully shall I meet the blow. Death is my only refuge." "Yield not to despair, lady," he replied, "Rob Roy Macgregor comes to release you. But every moment is precious, quickly tell me your name and your wrongs." "I am," said the lady, "a daughter of the chief of —, treacherously decoyed from the castle of my father, by a knight of England. He and his friend were visitors ; they persuaded my mother to let me go out to ride with them, to learn some of the fine performances of English ladies in hunting ; and after going some miles, I was forced into a stranger sloop, and carried away. I now find that each of the friends had designs on me. They deceived each other ; but the younger has honour and pity." "Remain as you are," said Rob Roy, "I hope soon to return with good tidings." The chief, with an air of authority, stalked into a vault, where two gentlemen were harshly debating, and three armed men paced the floor. They all shrunk back from the terrible apparition. "Shame to manhood !" said Macgregor. "A lady of high birth insulted ! tremble ! for

even the demons of darkness are stirring in her cause." After a pause, the elder knight said, "You, at least, are no airy demon, but substantial flesh and blood, and shall feel this, if you do not instantly take yourself off." He made a push at Rob Roy, as he spoke ; but the chief was the most dexterous swordsman of the age, and soon laid his adversary at his feet. Calling for a parley, the younger knight was disposed to restore the lady ; nor did the mercenary seamen oppose it, being unwilling to risk the consequences, when no further reward from their employer could be expected. Rob Roy bound up the wound of the elder knight, and by a shorter way, he and the lady were conveyed to the seaside. In less than forty hours, the battlements of — castle were visible. At some distance from the common landing place, Macgregor desired to be put on shore. He proceeded with rapid steps to the castle, to inform the chief of his daughter's safety, and to claim his hospitality for the wounded knight, for whose security he had pledged his honour. The younger knight was married to the lady, and the elder suffered to depart, unmolested, to his own country, for the chief considered himself bound in honour and gratitude, to fulfil the terms promised by Rob Roy.

In ancient times, and among chiefs of more modern date, the engagements made by a friend were esteemed inviolable by the party concerned.

A rivulet, which runs through the spot where Fletcher of Cameron, a follower of the Macgregor chief, murdered the boys who came as spectators of the battle of Luss, is called the stream of young Ghosts ; and it is believed, that if crossed by a Macgregor after sunset, he will be scared by unhallowed spectres. This is a remarkable proof that superstition is not only irrational, but unjust ; since neither of the alleged murderers were of the Macgregor clan, and the chief when he compelled the

boys to enter the church, instead of standing exposed to random shots from the combatants, had no view but to preserve their lives, and to detain them as hostages, if circumstances required a pledge for the safety of his own people. Yet superstition represents the ghosts of the victims peculiarly hostile to the clan of Macgregor. So late as the year 1757, every spring the tragical fate of the scholars of Dunbarton was commemorated by the boys of that ancient town. They assembled on the supposed anniversary; the dux of the highest class was laid on a bier, covered with the clergyman's gown, and carried by his companions to a grave, previously opened. The whole school, bearing wooden guns reversed, performed the ceremony of interment, and recited *Gaelic* odes over the dead, allusive to the horrible massacre. They returned, singing songs of lamentation in the same language.

There are records to show that Sir Humphrey, laird of Luss, under pretence of desiring a permanent reconciliation, invited Macgregor of Glenstrae, and the principal vassals of his clan, to meet him at Leunox, but he prepared five hundred horsemen, and three hundred foot, to form an ambuscade, and cut off the retreat of the Macgregors. Their chief came from Ranock, with only two hundred followers; but they were a chosen band; and having discovered symptoms of enmity in the Colquhouns, they marched homewards with due precaution. At *Glenfruin* they were attacked, and the youths from Dunbarton school having come out to view the fray, Macgregor anxious to secure hostages from among the sons of so many powerful tribes, surrounded and confined them in the church, as we formerly related. The Macgregors had no friend at court to contradict the misrepresentations of their powerful foes. All their loyal services were forgotten—all they had done and suffered for the gallant Bruce—all their achievements with Glencairn, and several Highland

clans, when they defeated Cromwell's troops at *Aberfoyle*. They were prohibited from bearing their hereditary name, and hunted with bloodhounds, like the most noxious beasts of prey. These cruelties form the best apology for Rob Roy, and his clan, in retaliating upon their oppressors; and no act of cruelty or meanness has been imputed to Rob Roy. The lawless propensities of a freebooter were softened by the humanizing influence of a poetical imagination, and in some measure exalted by the pride of ancestry, and natural greatness of soul. His death was in conformity to the romantic peculiarities of his life. A life of harassing vicissitude had undermined his robust constitution, but his spirit was unsubdued, though his person evidently sunk under decay; and after manfully resisting his infirmities, he was confined to bed, when a gentleman who had done him a wrong came to see him. Being informed, that the stranger asked admission to his chamber, he exclaimed, that an enemy must not behold Rob Roy Macgregor in the posture of defeat." He made his family raise him up, put on his clothes and warlike accoutrements, and then received the visitor with dignified civility. When he was gone, the dying man desired to be again laid in bed, and ordered the piper to be called in. He cordially shook hands with "the voice of war," instructing him to play, "*cha teill mi tuille*"—(I shall never return), and not to cease sounding the pipes while breath remained in the breast of Rob Roy. He was punctually obeyed, and expired with "the voice of battle," pealing around him. His funeral was respectably and numerously attended.

The chivalrous alliance on the steel of their fathers, which formed a prominent feature in the characteristics of the *Gael*, has, in some instances, produced heavy loss to their posterity. Macdonald of Kesshock was offered a written charter for his lands in the fourteenth century; but he spurned at the proposal, saying,

"no *clan-donald* shall hold his right by a sheep's skin. The sword of their fathers shall remain, as it has been from the earliest time, a sufficient charter for the brave. In the sixteenth century, the superior reclaimed those lands, and they were lost to the family of Kesshock. The accomplished and valiant descendant of the first-mentioned leader of the brave, being asked, in the year 1744, the average revenue of his estate, replied, "I can bring to the field five hundred fighting men."

The feudal power his lands afforded was all he deemed worthy of computation.

In the reign of George the First, the Grant chieftain was offered a patent of nobility, which he declined, saying, "who then would be laird of Grant?" This feudal chief felt, and expressed in a few emphatic words, that no euphony of sounds could add to the wealth and power derived from his wide stretching and populous lands.

MY MAIDEN BRIEF.

"**A** LAWYER," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shews a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love too,) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk—returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and inso-

lent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrear of the fellow's wages; and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee and wraps it up with slow

and provoking formality. At length all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you; you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you. Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door! I am a connoisseur in raps—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me; I know their tricks but too well; they have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer: and though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes; I was not long suffered to doubt; my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him in my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — v. —. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; and after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with two gentlemen who were 'with me' would be convenient; and finding, that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed

since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which he referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *bethumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's Coffee-house, adjoining Westminster Hall. There was I, before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every man of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of all my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court—just as the horseman pushes his steed into a gallop, to rid himself of the flies that are buzzing around him. Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. — walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house, when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half open door, to announce that "Jones and Williams was called on." Down went the poker, and away flew — with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case

would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great ——, our commander in chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been invisible to him; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, tacked about, and sailed away. And thus ended first consultation.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had at least all my materials for myself, and that, from having had so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three.

At length the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard —— open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how I did pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would have gladly given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise, and yet, my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet, they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old Court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges, who had turned together to consult, supposing the

argument finished. B—— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice, every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy 'learned friends' looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for anything which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing, would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said, I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a 'phantasma or hideous dream.' They told me, however to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used a violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one, I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of my finger's ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner, and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders—and I also read, that "Mr. —— followed on the same side."

THE CHILDREN OF RAVENDALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DUKE OF MANTUA."

"I'll go no further. Old Hildebrand has some dirty matters on his hands, that he wants to thrust into our fingers. A bad business quits best at the beginning. If once we get into the middle, it were as well to go on, as come back; like Old Dobbs, when he swam half way through the mill-pond, and then, being faint-hearted, swam back again."

"Look thee, Anthony, thou art a precious ass; thou wouldst be a wit without brains, and a rogue, aye, a very wicked and unconditional rogue, without courage. Tut, that same cowardly rogue, of all villains, is verily the worst. Your liquorish cat, skulking, and scared with a windlestraw, is always the biggest thief, and has the cruellest paws, for all her demure looks, and her plausible condescensions.—Come on."

"I don't care for thy jeers, Michael."

"What! thy beast riding at anchor already? 'Tis well, I shall on to Ravendale Castle with all speed, if 'twere only to inform one Hildebrand Wentworth of this sudden qualm. Likewise, I may peradventure remember to tell him of another little qualm, once upon a time thou wast taken with, at the sight of a score of his fat beeves: a little bit of choice roguery played off upon him by honest Anthony with the tender conscience. Look to it, comrade, he shall know of this, before thou canst convey thy cowardly carcase out of his clutches. An it be thou goest forward, mum! Backward—Hah! have I caught thee, my pretty bird?"

At the conclusion of this speech, with the malice of a fiend urging on his hesitating victim to the commission of some loathed act of folly or of crime, the speaker lashed his unwilling companion's beast into a furious gallop, and they were soon

threading the intricate mazes across part of that vast chain of moorlands and forests, which, long ago, skirted the northern boundaries between York and Lancaster.

The horsemen were evidently of that dubious class, named "Knights of the Post,"—highwaymen, deer-stealers, or cattle-harriers; all and every of which occupation, they occasionally followed.

The present owner of Ravendale Castle, whom it appears they had beforetime befriended in virtue of these several callings, had sent for them in haste, having occasion to employ them, it might seem, in some business relative to their profession.

For some hours they travelled with considerable speed. Day was just brightening in the east, as, emerging from a more than usual intricacy of path, they pushed through a thick and overhanging archway of boughs. Suddenly a green knoll presented itself, sloping gently toward a narrow rivulet. Beyond, a dark and partially fortified mansion stood before them. Here and there, a turret-shaped chamber, lifting its mural crown above the rest, rose clear and erect against the glowing sky, now rapidly displacing the grey hues of the morning. The narrow embrasures, sharp and beautifully distinct, but black as their own grim recesses, stood in solemn contrast with the light and flickering vapours from behind, breaking into all the gorgeous tints betokening a heavy and lurid atmosphere.

The two horsemen crossed a narrow bridge, and the clattering of their hoofs was soon heard in the courtyard of Ravendale Castle. They had evidently been for some time expected.

"So, masters, if it had not pleased your betters to have built so many hostels and roosting places on the road, I might have been snug in my

bed-linen four hours ago, -I'm a thinking."

The personage who thus accosted them, was dressed in a plain leathern cap and doublet, with a pair of stout hose that would not have disgraced a Dutch Vrow of the first magnitude. His short and frizzled beard was curiously twirled and pointed, we may suppose after the choicest fashion of those regions. His appearance bespoke him as some confidential menial belonging to the establishment. His whole demeanour had in it an air of impertinent authority. His little sharp eyes twinkled in all the plenitude of power, and peered in the faces of the travellers as they alighted to render him an unwilling salutation.

"We have made the best of our road, Master Jeffery, since we left our homes in Netherdale. But in troth, it's a weary way, and a drough-ty one into the bargain. I have not wet even the tip of this poor beast's nose since we started."

"Go to,—an the beasts be cared for; thine own muzzle may take its chance of a swill. Darby, see to the horses. Now for business. Master has been waiting for you these three hours: make what excuse you may. Heigh ho! my old skull will have the worse on't soon with these upsittings."—Taking a lamp from its niche, he commanded the strangers to follow. A wide staircase led to the gallery, from which a number of low doors communicated with the sleeping apartments. Entering a narrow passage from an obscure corner, they ascended a winding stair. The sharp and capacious spurs of the intruders struck shrilly on the stone, mingled with the grumblings of Master Jeffery Hardpiece. A continual muttering was kept up from the latter, by way of running accompaniment to the directions which ever and anon he found it needful to issue.

"There—an ass, a very ass—keep thy face from the wall, I tell thee, and lift up thy great leathern hoofs."

Another series of inaudible murmurings, mingled with confused and rambling sentences.

"This stair is like old Giles' horn—it's long a winding. Now—thy spurs, is it? Beshrew me, knave, but thou art like to frighten the children with their clattering. They are up, and are ready for their trip. Maudlin will stitch a pillow to your pummels, and they'll ride bravely, the pretty dears. Stop there, I tell ye—I'll first crave an audience with my master, and return."

Old Hardpiece tapped gently at a small door which now stayed their progress. It was opened hastily to admit his entrance, and but a few moments elapsed ere Master Jeffery's cunning face was cautiously extended out of the narrow opening. He beckoned to his companions, and at once ushered them into a low chamber. A lamp, half extinguished, stood on the floor. The walls were nearly bare, and streaked in a variety of colours with the damp ooze filtering from the roof. A curiously carved oak table standing in the middle, and two or three stone benches, comprised the furniture of the apartment. A few rusty swords, with two large pistols nearly falling from their holsters, hung from the wall. In one corner lay some halberds, reposing in *otium cum dignitate* with several unmatched pairs of mildewed boots. Near to the window, or rather loop-hole, heaped up in a most picturesque attitude of disorder, lay a score or two of rusty helmets, their grim attirings mostly broken and disjointed.—Pacing to and fro through this uninviting chamber of audience, was seen a figure of about the middle size, attired in a loose upper garment. His head was nearly bald; a few thin locks only, hung from the lower part of his poll; and yet, his age did not appear so far advanced as the scanty covering of his forehead might seem to intimate. He stayed not on the entrance of the visitors, but, during the greater part of the succeeding interview, persevered in the same restless

and abrupt gait, as though repose were anguish, and it was only by a continual change of position that he soothed the rising perturbation of his spirit.

"Is this your haste, when my commands are most urgent?"

He turned sharply upon them as he spoke. His eyes grew wild and keen; but still a heaviness and languor, as if from long watching, seemed to oppress them.

"We could not——" Michael was stammering out an apology, when thus interrupted.

"Enough; I know what thou wouldst say. Let thy comrade remain below. Jeffery, conduct him to thy refectory.—Michael abides here. Haste, and let refreshments be prepared."

What was the purport of the conversation that ensued between Hildebrand and this fitting agent for deeds of death and rapine, can only be surmised from the following history.

Old Hardpiece, grumbling the greater part of the way, led his companion through a labyrinth of stairs and passages, to a small room, where a huge flagon of ale, with cold beef and other substantial articles for breakfast were about being displayed. Anthony, nothing loth, threw aside his cap, and unbraced his girdle for the more roomy stowage of such savoury and delicious viands. A heavy pull at the tankard again elicited Master Jeffery's under-spoken oratory. Anthony's tongue grew more voluble, as his appetite waxed less vigorous. He asked sundry questions touching the business which called for them at Ravendale in such haste.

"The orphan children of Sir Henry Fairfax, are to be conveyed to some place of concealment for a short period. Master says, he has had intimation of a design on the part of the late Sir Henry's friends to seize them perforce: which act of violence, Hildebrand Wentworth, being left as their sole guardian, will do all in his power to prevent."

"The children of the late Sir Harry Fairfax, who was killed in foreign wars?" inquired Anthony.

"Ay, ay,—poor things! Since their mother drowned herself——"

Light footsteps were now heard bounding along the passage, and the door was suddenly burst open by two rosy, laughing children—the elder a boy of some four or five years' growth, and his sister scarcely a twelvemonth younger.

"Master Jeffery, Master Jeffery," lisped one joyous urchin, "hide me, here is Alice, she'll not let me go: so nice a ride, with two gentlemen on great horses, and I must have a sword, and sister Julia must have a coach."

Here nurse Alice made her appearance. She had been weeping. Tears and entreaties were vain; she was not permitted to accompany them, but, with a frown, Hildebrand Wentworth had chidden her from his presence. Since the melancholy loss of their mother, and almost from the time that the news arrived of their father's death, which happened a little while before the birth of Julia, she had acted a mother's part to her charge, and had it been permitted her, she would gladly have served them without fee or reward. Fearful of quitting them, she had followed hastily into the room. With a searching glance she eyed the stranger for awhile, then suddenly turning to the children, she solemnly exclaimed—

"Harry, you have not said your prayer this morning. Do you think God will take care of you to-day, if you do not ask him?"

Here the rebuked boy grew serious, and with a suffused eye ran to his nurse, whilst in her lap he poured out his morning orison. It was a simple, but affecting request, beseeching from their Almighty Father, preservation from evil, and a special protection from all the dangers to which they might be exposed. Julia knelt also, and Alice, laying a hand on each, blessed the children—"God of their fathers, I commit them to thy care!" She could say no more, loud sobs checked her utterance, and

leaning over them, convulsively clasped them in her embrace.

Old Hardpiece grew unusually busy about the breakfast materials; and the hard-featured trooper was seen to brush his brows, as though some unpleasant surmise had crossed his brain. He raised his arm as he gazed on the children, slowly muttering, as he clenched his hand—"If he dare!" He then carelessly examined his sword, and returned it quickly into its sheath, as the pious Alice drew away the children to her own apartment. Old Jeffery now grew more talkative. Leaning his chin upon his hand, and his elbow on the table, he thus proceeded:

"It's four long years come St. Barnabas, since Sir Henry's death; and my lady, rest her soul! went crazy soon after belike. Every thing he died possessed of was bequeathed in trust to my master, Hildebrand Wentworth, who was a great friend of Sir Henry's, and accompanied him as his secretary or purse-bearer, I forget which. No matter; all the property, I say, was bequeathed in trust for Sir Harry's wife and children. Hildebrand brought a will from Sir Henry to this effect, and poor Lady Fairfax never looked up afterward. She moped about, and would see nobody, and then it was they said she was out of her wits. Not long after, her head-gear and mantle were found by the river side, just below the old bridge you crossed; but her body never."—Here the entrance of Michael cut short the old man's discourse.

"Belike thou hast not lacked a cup of warm sack and a whey posset with my master in the west turret," pertly exclaimed Master Jeffery. Michael looked surly as he replied—

"Old Gabergeon, let us have a draught of thy best—a stirrup cup: breakfast I have settled above stairs."

"Marry, take your swill, Mr. Saucypate," tartly replied Jeffery. "And so because you have eaten and drunk with my master, it is 'Old Gabergeon!' else had it been 'Good Master Hardpiece!'" "If you will, Mas-

ter Jeffery!" Out upon such cation, say I, that think themselves good live meat, when they are but fly-blown."

"Old Jeffery," said Michael, coolly, "we'll settle our rank at some more fitting opportunity: just now I'll thank thee for the flagon."

"It's in the cupboard," growled Hardpiece. "Verily do these old arms tingle. But I am old, and that same Michael a surly brute: no beating would mend him. An ass of most vicious propensities—he will bite forwards and kick backwards: friends get the benefit of his teeth, and foes the favour of his heels."

Thus did the old man console himself for the rude impertinence he had suffered. It was not long ere a summons hurried them to the court-yard. They found their beasts equipped, and ready to depart,—Harry and Julia looking joyously on, with each a tiny whip, and vastly amused with the horses' accoutrements. Hildebrand stood by the gateway, looking round at the sky for a prognostication of fair weather. Alice, full of sorrow, stood with a few cakes and other refreshments, which were stowed in the wallet. The journey was but short, and an hour's ride that fine morning, Michael said, would bring them to their destination. Hildebrand forbade him to mention the place of their concealment, lest it should be known to their iniquitous relatives.

Already seated, each horseman, with a child before him, slowly passed the outer court, at the entrance of which Alice disappeared. The iron tramp of the steeds rang shrilly from underneath the arched gateway. Beyond this, where a beautiful urn of foreign workmanship rested on a pillar by the garden terrace, stood Hildebrand: he bade them good speed. Anthony passed first. Michael checked his horse for a moment: Hildebrand took the hand of the boy, and pressed it; but one portentous look, as at the recognition of some sinister purpose, passed between Michael and the old man, unobserved by his

colleague. Hildebrand raised his hand above his mouth, and slowly whispered—"Remember!"—the gulf underneath the waterfall!"

The horsemen departed. Passing the bridge, they were just rising over the green slope, when the children recognized Alice upon her late mistress's little palfrey. They screamed after her; but she was riding in a contrary direction, and soon out of their sight.

The narrow glades of the forest suddenly encompassed them. The morning was pretty far advanced. The joyous birds twittered in their dun covert, brushing the dew-drops from the boughs with their restless wings. The thrush and blackbird from afar poured forth a more melancholy note; whilst the timid rabbit, scared from his morning's meal, rushed by, and sought his burrow. The wood grew thicker, and the sunbeams which had previously shot in broad slopes across their path, soon became but as lines of intensely chequered light piercing the grim shadows beneath. The trees, too, put on a more sombre form and character; and the sward appeared choked with rank and noxious weeds. It seemed a path rarely trod, and only to be recognized by occasional openings through the underwood.

They travelled for some hours. Michael had taken the lead, and Anthony, with his prattling charge, rode carelessly on. Looking round, the latter suddenly checked his horse: a momentary alarm overspread his features as he cried—

"Michael, you have surely mistaken the path. An hour's ride should have brought us to the end of our journey, and our beasts have been footing it here these three hours."

"Heed not, comrade; this is our path, and thou wilt soon find we have the right track before us; we shall be through the wood presently."

"Why, this is the road to Middleham Tower, if I mistake not;—yonder is the roaring of the waterfall."

"Right; we shall be on the road to Bolton Castle shortly."

They travelled on more silently than before, until the brawling of the torrent they had heard for some time, increased into a roar with rapid intensity. The road now widening, Anthony spurred on his beast by the side of his companion, who slackened his pace, as if to afford an opportunity for further parley.

"Whither are we bound?" inquired Anthony.

"Where the children will be well cared for."

A dubious expression of countenance, which Anthony but too well understood, escaped Michael as he uttered these words; and villain was written, legible and not easily mistaken, with every change and inflection of his visage. Anthony, though not of the most unsullied reputation, and probably habituated to crimes at which humanity might shudder, pressed the little victim closer to his breast. The prattle of the babe had won his heart; and the morning scene with Alice had so softened his spirit, that he could have wept when he thought of the remorseless nature of his comrade, to whose care they had been entrusted.

The roar of the torrent grew louder. Suddenly they entered upon a sort of irregular amphitheatre—woods rising above each other to the very summit of the hills by which they were surrounded. A swollen waterfall was now visible, below which, one single bare and flattened trunk, whose boughs had apparently been but just lopped, was thrown across the torrent. A ruined keep, or donjon, was seen rising above a line of dark firs, crowning the summit of a steep crag rising abruptly from the river.

"This is our half-way house," said Michael, pointing to the grim fortress. "The children are tired, and have need of refreshment. Tarry here with the horses, whilst I carry them over the bridge."

"We have refreshments in the wallet: what need we to loiter yonder," replied Anthony, eying the other with an evident expression of distrust.

"The children want rest," said Michael, "and we shall there find shelter from the heat."

"If rest be needful," was the reply, "surely this dry sward, and these overhanging leaves, will afford both rest and shelter."

"The children are in my keeping," said Michael, fiercely, "and I am not to account with thee for my proceedings. Alight, and give me the child."

"I will not. Michael, I have watched thee, and I know that thou art a villain! Aye, draw, and I have weapons too, comrade."

Fast and furious grew the combat, whilst the terrified children made the woods resound with their shrieks. The result did not long seem doubtful. Michael soon proved himself the better swordsman; and his antagonist stumbling from fatigue, broke his own weapon in the fall. Defenceless and exposed, the uplifted sword of his adversary was raised for his destruction—when suddenly the arm of the ruffian was arrested, the sword snatched from his grasp, and a female figure, habited in a dark and coarse vestment, stood between the combatants. Her brow was bare, and her dark full eye beamed on them with a look of pity and of anger. Her naturally pale cheek was flushed, but it betrayed not the agitation she endured. Erect, and unbending, she stood before them, and the quailing miscreant crouched at her feet.

"Away!—To thy master! Thy blood, too worthless even for thine own steel!"—She hurled away the weapon as she spoke.

Burning with revenge at his late defeat, Anthony flew after the falling brand: seizing it, he renewed the attack. Michael fled toward the bridge. With the bound of a bereaved tiger, Anthony sprung upon his prey. Just where the root of the trunk rested on the bank, they closed, after a desperate lunge parried by the unprotected arm of Michael. It was disabled, but he still clung to his enemy. Anthony strove to disen-

gage himself; but the other, aware that life and death depended on the issue of that struggle, hung on him with a convulsive tightness that rendered of no avail the advantage he had gained. The sword was useless: Anthony threw it into the boiling gulph at his feet. Both hands being now free, whilst that of Michael yet hung at his side bleeding and useless, gave the former again greatly the advantage. He wrenched his enemy's arm from its hold, lifted him from his narrow footing-place, and with a malignant shout of triumph shook him over the abyss. One startling plunge, and the villain sank in the rolling waters. An agonizing yell, and but one, escaped him, as he hung quivering over that yawning portal to eternity,—the next cry was choked by the seethe of the boiling foam. The waves whirled him round for a moment, like some huge leviathan tossing its prey;—he sank into its gorge, and the insatiate gulf swallowed him up for ever. Anthony hastily drew back. He turned from the horrid scene with some yet lingering tokens of compunction, in the expectation of rejoining his companions, but in vain—the babes and his deliverer had disappeared!

Morning had risen bright and cheerful into the chamber, ere Hildebrand Wentworth awoke. He stamped thrice, and immediately the half-knave, half-fool countenance of Master Jeffery Hardpiece was seen within the chamber.—"Master," said he, "a messenger arrived last night!"

"A messenger! From whom?" eagerly demanded Hildebrand.

"Unluckily," said Jeffery, "it chanced shortly after your commands for the night, not to be disturbed. I durst not then trouble you with the message. Marry, it's not the sort of news one likes to be in a hurry to tell!"

"Go on, varlet."

"Why," continued Jeffery, as if about to reveal unpleasant tidings, and drawing back as he spoke, "the bearer is in the train of some herald or pursuivant, come from over the

sea to our court, about exchange of prisoners, and the like. This man has a message from Sir Henry Fairfax——"

"He lies! I'll have his tongue bored," furiously cried Hildebrand.

"Nay, but listen. He says, Sir Henry, whom we all thought dead, is now alive, and a prisoner in the fortress Hermanstein."

During this recital, the astonished Hildebrand clenched his bony fingers, with a look of awful and impatient rage. Hardpiece continued:

"This coxcomb says, he was sent specially by Sir Henry to obtain from you some document of mighty importance, which will ensure his immediate release. He bears Sir Henry's signet, and the knave has no lack of assurance."

"Has this fellow had free communication with the menials, Jeffery; or hast thou done me the service to keep him and his message to thyself?" anxiously inquired Hildebrand.

"Why, as touching that, Alice, somehow or other, (for these women are always about any body's business, save their own,) wormed out his message in part, before I was aware of the drift of the crafty jade's discourse."

"Alice!—Hah—that viper—again across my path! Bid this messenger attend."

When Jeffery returned, he was followed by a short, muscular-looking personage, attired in a foreign garb. A military cloak, and slouched hat garnished with a broad feather, gave him altogether an air of importance, which the bare exterior of his figure might not have been so capable of sustaining. On entering, he made a slight obeisance. Hildebrand watched his bearing, as if he would have searched him to his heart's core. Not in the least disconcerted, the soldier threw himself on a seat. Preliminaries were waived by this uncereemonious guest, who, evidently with a foreign accent, began the interrogatory as follows:—

"You were the private secretary of Sir Henry Fairfax?"

"I was," briefly replied Hildebrand.

"Know you this signet?"

"I do," again he sullenly answered.

"It was given into my keeping," said the stranger, "as a token whereby Hildebrand Wentworth should, in the due exercise of his fealty and trust, commit to my charge certain documents that shall immediately be set forth. But first, and briefly, it may be needful to relate the manner in which Sir Henry recovered after your departure. On the day following the skirmish, wherein Sir Henry was supposed to be mortally wounded, he gave unto you, as his most valued and bosom friend, those solemn credentials, wherein, as a dying man, he invested you with full powers to proceed to England forthwith, and there give his last testimonials of unspeakable affection and fidelity to his dear wife and his beloved children: likewise, that you should act as their sole guardian and protector: all and every of the goods and effects of which he died the possessor, to be vested in your name, in trust, for the benefit of his wife and her infant offspring alone. I think I am right in this. In case of their death though, I believe their property reverted to you."

"It did."

"Such was the nature of the wound, that his physician believed a few hours only could intervene ere his dissolution must inevitably take place. He urged your immediate departure; shortly after which, the whole camp equipage, together with the sick and wounded, fell into the hands of your enemies. Driven off to a considerable distance up the Rhine at full speed, and without any other comforts or necessities than what his captors could supply; his wounds bleeding afresh, and every muscle racked with pain,—to the astonishment of all, he recovered; and from that time he has remained a close prisoner in the fortress. He has heard no tidings from his native shores: he knows not his loss. Yesternight only I heard of Lady Fair-

fax's most lamentable decease; and how to acquaint him, I know not! In a cartel lately arrived for negotiating an exchange of prisoners, Sir Henry sends by me, secretly, as one of the envoys, for the papers I have before mentioned. His name not being included in the lists for exchange, has induced him thus to act. Nor has he much misgiving but that the credentials he will be enabled through me to present, will bring to pass this so much desired event, and restore him to his family and to his home. They are papers of great moment, and will set forth claims which cannot be overlooked: and I have most minute and special instructions to get them laid before the King's most gracious Council. These testimonies are deposited in a secret drawer of an Eastern cabinet of choice and costly workmanship, containing other records of great value. It is in the private chamber, where Sir Henry was wont to resort from the cares and turmoils attendant on his public duties."

"Hath Sir Henry sent no written message or letter to us touching this matter?" inquired Hildebrand.

"It is strictly forbidden to any prisoner," replied the other, "the use of tablets."

"Retire, and I will begin the search with all speed; but hold thyself in readiness for immediate departure. Thou wilt not have the worse thrift for a hasty dismissal."

The stranger withdrew, accompanied by Hardpiece. Hildebrand listened to their retreating footsteps. When the vaulted passages had ceased to give back their echoes,—
"Thou shalt not escape me now!" said he; and threw open the doors of the private chamber. Hildebrand had often searched through this same depository, but the place of concealment pointed out by the stranger, had hitherto escaped his notice. He soon discovered the secret drawer; but the papers of which he was in search were gone! The spirit of mischief was again foiled, but the promptings of his evil genius did not

forsake him. He sat down, and, for purposes of the blackest malignity, forged a series of evidences, as a development of plans and proceedings, that would at once have branded Sir Henry as a coward and a traitor. These letters he sealed up, and calling for the messenger, committed the packet into his hands.

"You have Sir Henry's orders to lay these before the King?" said Hildebrand.

"I have," replied the envoy.

"Then hasten to court, and so good speed.—Stay—when you meet Sir Henry Fairfax, offer him an old man's sympathy and condolence. Break the matter to him tenderly. And when he returns—I will say no more. Away—thy mission hath need of despatch."

The soldier made a slight inclination of the head as he departed.

Hildebrand Wentworth sat down to reap the fruits of this rich harvest of villany—his own right-hand planting. The full fruition of it he now seemed ready to enjoy. But days and weeks passed by, and still found him feverish and anxious. The fate of the children—whether the work of destruction had, or had not been accomplished—was still to him a matter of uncertainty. He had often sent in search of the ruffians, but they had not been heard of at their usual haunts. Guilt whispered that all was not yet complete. Restless and oppressed by some undefined and terrible apprehensions, he resolved to end his doubts, and, if possible, procure an interview with the instruments of his crime. He expected to obtain some clue to their proceedings by a visit to Middleham Tower, hoping to find there some traces of their foul offence.

It was not far from the close of a soft Autumnal afternoon, that he gained the rude bridge below the waterfall. He shuddered as the narrow trunk vibrated to his tread, and he looked upon the ever-tossing gulf beneath. The blackness of darkness was upon his spirit, and he flew, as if some demon had pursued him,

climbing, with almost breathless haste, the steep and winding staircase that led from the bridge to the ruined fortress above.

From a ruined doorway he ascended a narrow stone stair, and he had penetrated far into the interior of that part of the castle which yet in some measure remained entire, ere, with a deep groan, he started into a consciousness of his situation. It was an appalling scene of solitude and decay. The realities to which he almost instantaneously awoke, might have startled a less guilty spirit than what abode in the bosom of Hildebrand Wentworth. A long gallery, upheld by huge pillars, dimly receded in the distance, which was terminated by a long and narrow casement. On each side, broken, but richly variegated windows, threw down a many-tinted light, which, oppressed by the dark and covered arches, gave a strange and awful character to the grotesque reflections chequering the floor. Narrow streams of light flickered on the dense vapours, rendered visible by their gleam. Involuntarily did Hildebrand pass on. Impelled as if by some unseen but resistless power, he dared not to retrace his footsteps. Slow and fearful became his tread, as he traversed the long and dreary vista. Every sense was now in full exercise. His faculties rendered more acute by the extremity of terror he endured : his ear caught the slightest sound—his eye the least motion that glimmered across his path. Sometimes a terrific shape would appear to glide past : he brushed the cold and clammy damps from his brow, and it vanished !

Suddenly a door opened at the extremity of the gallery, and a faint light streamed from the crevice. Voices—children's voices were heard in the chamber. He rushed onward. Rage, frantic, and uncontrolled, possessed him, as he beheld the very babes, doomed as victims to his fell avarice, in all the bloom of health and innocence, unconscious of danger, bounding through the apartment

together, with their nurse and protector Alice ! Goaded by insatiate revenge, he drew a poignard from his vest, and rushed on the unoffending offspring of his benefactor. Alice shrieked ! She attempted to throw herself between them and their foe, but was too far off to accomplish her purpose ; his arm was too sure, and his stroke too sudden : but ere the steel had pierced its victims, that arm was arrested ! He looked round, and a female figure, loosely enveloped in a dark cloak, had again rescued them from death. It was the same form that had before interposed to snatch them from the fangs of their remorseless enemy. In the sudden spring she made, her garment flew aside. Hildebrand gazed, silently, but with a look of horror too wild and intense to be conceived. He seemed to recognize the intruder : his lips moved rapidly, as he made a convulsed effort to speak—

"Thee—whom the waves had swallowed ! Have the seas and waters given up their dead ?" he faintly exclaimed, almost gasping for utterance.

"Monster ! canst thou look upon this form again," she cried, "and thine orbs retain their sight ? But I have done," she meekly continued, "Heaven hath yet a blessing for the innocent ! But thy cup of iniquity is full—thy doom is at hand ! I have trusted thee, O my Father ! and I trust thee still."

It was the much-injured and persecuted wife of Sir Henry Fairfax, who now stood before the abashed miscreant.

"Away !" she cried, "to Heaven I leave my vengeance and thy crime ! Hence—to thy home ! Thine, did I say ? Soon, monster ! shalt thou be chased from thy lair, and the wronged victim regain his right."

Hildebrand, awed and confounded, retraced his path, deeply brooding over some more cunning plot to ensnare his prey. He had passed the bridge, and on attempting to remount his steed, his attention was directed to a cloud of dust, and a

pale glimmer of arms in the evening light. Two horsemen emerged, their steeds studded with gouts of foam, and in an instant one of them alighted before the arch hypocrite. It was Sir Henry Fairfax!

"Have I caught thee here?" shouted the knight. "What mischief hast thou been now perpetrating? Seize that traitor!"

In a moment was Hildebrand prevented from all chance of escape.

"Thy machinations are defeated—thy villainies are revealed—and now vengeance will make quick recompense."

Hildebrand prostrated himself on the ground in the most abject humiliation, and besought his mercy.

"I will not harm thee, wretch!" exclaimed the gallant knight: "to a higher power I leave the work of retribution. Lead the way; thou shalt be witness to our meeting—wife, children, all! Our bliss will to thee be a punishment more miserable than the most refined tortures thy wretched body could endure.—On, on!"

Hildebrand, with imbecile agony, grasped at the very stones for succour. He then rushed towards the bridge, and, ere his purpose could be anticipated, with one wild yell, precipitated himself into the waters!

A few lines will suffice by way of explanation to this unlooked-for termination of their sufferings.

When Lady Fairfax fled from Ravendale Castle, in order to elude the search of her tormentor, who had

the audacity to threaten by force to make her his wife, she threw off her cloak and head-dress, laying them on the river's brink, that it might appear as though she had accomplished her own destruction. To the care of the faithful Alice she had committed her children, and likewise the secret of her concealment. Alice was in continual correspondence with her unfortunate mistress; and great was the joy and exultation with which she communicated the arrival of a messenger from her lord, whom she had long mourned as dead. Providentially no interview took place between Hildebrand and the stranger on the night of his arrival; and sufficient time intervened to enable Lady Fairfax to make a desperate attempt, in the hope of gaining possession of the papers for which he had been sent. She well knew Hildebrand would not give up credentials that might ensure his lord's return. In this attempt she succeeded, and with these she met the envoy on his return from the castle; and disclosing all the tortuous and daring villany of Hildebrand, committed the real documents into his care, instructing him at the same time to lay before her sovereign the narrative of her wrongs. Soon was the captivity of Sir Henry terminated; and joy heightened by the past, and chastened by the severity of their misfortunes, attended the remainder of their earthly career.—To a numerous posterity they left this motto—"Verily, there is a God that ruleth in the earth!"

SEVEN MARRIAGES, AND NOT A HUSBAND. A TALE.

M. MOLINET, an opulent French merchant, had a daughter named Adeline, whose attractions were so striking, that a number of young men courted her favor, but in vain. At length a handsome young officer, of the name of Alson, had the happy fortune to obtain her good graces; but her father

still shook his head. He admitted that the youth was of a good old family; but he had hardly a franc to bless himself withal, except what came out of the military chest; and why this should entitle him to a preference over so many wealthy and noble offers the merchant was at a loss to account. However, he did

not belong to that class of cruel fathers, who boast of the right divine of tyrannizing over their children, and by the combined effect of frowning and fuming, and fretting and petting, mixed with a little solitary confinement and low diet, bring their girls into a fit frame of mind to bear the matrimonial yoke with some ugly wretch, who has only riches to recommend him. So, without much ado, this sensible French father gave his consent. "The young fools like one another," he said; "and the boy wants nothing but money, which, I dare say, he will allow me the honour to supply. By such means, his valour will entitle him to a captain's commission at a jump; he will at length become a colonel, and it will not sound amiss, when the world, in my hearing, shall designate the commander of a whole heroic regiment with the dear name of son—the wealthy old merchant's son."

As Alson's promotion kept pace with his father-in-law's prophecies of his valour, Molinet agreed to celebrate his marriage in a magnificent manner. As the young lady, however, was only yet in her fifteenth year, and her father quite doated upon her, he had so contrived it, in consideration of her youth and his own age, to have her company a year or two longer; and, on the same morning that the ceremony was solemnized, the regiment received orders to march upon a foreign destination.

Under this misfortune, Alson's sole consolation was in the hoped-for termination of the American war, which would enable him to return speedily to his own country; while he had, at all events, secured his prize—barring the usual chances of being drowned, shot, knocked on the head, or captured. His regiment joined the party of the English colonists, in their contest against the mother country; and it so happened that our hero was wounded and made prisoner by a troop of Indians, allies of the British forces, in the first engagement. They did not sa-

crifice him, contenting themselves with the torture of curing his wounds, which, with their assistance, left him a cripple for life. This he found to be a serious impediment in the way of making his escape from the swift-footed sable chiefs, though he was over-persuaded to make the attempt by one of his fellow-prisoners. The latter was quick enough to secure his retreat, but Alson was overtaken while limping at an extraordinary pace, and was detained in close confinement.

Meanwhile Victor, the young officer who accompanied him in his flight, under the plea of extreme sickness and his late sufferings, obtained leave of absence, and proceeded back to his own country. During his captivity he had heard a great deal in praise of the beauty and accomplishments of Adeline, while conversing with the unfortunate Alson. As he had heard also of her vast fortune, a thought now struck him, on which he continued to ponder during his homeward voyage. He conceived that he might be fortunate enough to supply Alson's place; for he had little doubt that the sable heroes would very quickly dispose of their prisoner, in such a way as to leave him no source of uneasiness on that head.

Taking this, at all events, for granted, and flattered with the idea of his future prospects, he hastened, with the rueful looks of an undertaker, to the house of M. Molinet, and without much ceremony regretted that he was the bearer of ill-tidings. A little shocked, the good merchant began to exhibit almost as long a face as his own. The wily Victor, drawing his hand across his eyes, at the same time heaving a few sighs, declared that his poor friend Alson had unfortunately been scalped and murdered before his eyes.

When he repeated his visit, he had the pleasure of being introduced to the lovely Adeline. Mutual sorrow and sympathy in regard to the young soldier's fate drew them into conversation, and the officer was quite charmed

with her manners, while her beauty surpassed his expectations. By degrees, his person and language appeared equally interesting to Adeline, and not many months elapsed before their acquaintance began to ripen into a more tender regard.

When the time for mourning expired, Adeline cast aside her widow's weeds, and gave her hand to the happy Victor, who now fancied he had secured the fair prize for life. But fortune, who had hitherto shown herself so favorable, now, when he stood on the brink of Paradise, began, like a vile jilt as she is, to change her tone. As he was cutting too high a curvet in the plenitude of his satisfaction in the bridal dance, he fell on the chalked floor, and disjointed one of his thighs—a compound fracture, which would require him to lie in one position for the period of one or two months. What a horrible contrast! the bridal chamber was turned into a sick-room; his bride became head nurse, and all his fondest hopes disappeared in surgical operations. His recovery was very slow; and before he became convalescent, another character appeared. Clermont, who had likewise been captured by the Indians, arrived in Paris. His first question on arriving at the hotel was respecting the residence of M. Molinet. In fact, he was the bearer of a letter from Alson to his wife, and he was surprized on hearing from his host that the lady had contracted a second marriage. He was still more astonished to find that Victor was the second husband. The latter lost all courage, and looked quite crest-fallen as Clermont was announced, and briskly followed up his name, with the familiarity of a former comrade, into the sick man's chamber. "Oh, Victor!" he cried, "what a wretch you are! what a piece of villany you have committed against Alson! He is alive, poor fellow; and I have brought a letter from him to his wife—I must go and deliver it."

"Alive?" exclaimed Victor, "Alson alive? Impossible! He was over-

taken and put to death by the Indians in my company, while we were trying to make our escape."

"Stop there, Victor; he was overtaken; but not killed; for a party of the colonists rescued him from his perilous situation. But come, I must deliver the letter."

"For God's sake! my good Clermont," cried the wretched Victor, at the same time tumbling head foremost in his hurry to prevent him, "help me up—I fear I have broken my leg again;—I beseech you not to put the climax to my misery. Truly, take half of all I am worth, and do not betray me. Command me in every thing for ever, but do spare me; and try to raise me upon the sofa before Adeline comes in."

Touched with pity at his helpless situation, Clermont assisted the unlucky patient, who feigned more pain than he really felt. Meanwhile Adeline, who had heard from one of the maidens that a stranger had arrived, ran into the room. Victor was now in momentary dread of beholding the fatal letter; but Clermont was too magnanimous, and too much delighted at the sight of Adeline's surpassing charms and loveliness, to think of causing her any such alarm or unhappiness. He lingered long enough to catch the fascinating poison that lurked in Adeline's bright eyes; his soul was fired at the first interview; and it was clear that Victor's last sands of promised happiness were nearly run. He no longer felt so indignant as he ought at Victor's base conduct; he rather wished to imitate it; and having, like him, been in the habit of pleasing himself whenever he could, a thought suddenly struck him to avail himself, as far as possible of the information and influence which he possessed.

Adeline, pleased to observe that there seemed nothing unpleasant between the gentlemen, soon after left the room. Clermont again turned to his companion with a portentous frown upon his brow:—"I am thinking, my good sir, that you have brought yourself into a very pretty

dilemma. Your situation is desperate; for I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to become the means of concealing your treacherous conduct. The sole lenity which in such an affair I can be induced to grant, is, to postpone the communication until you are sufficiently recovered to be removed; and the sooner you can save yourself by flight, the better it will be."

Having come to this explanation, Clermont took his leave, leaving the unlucky patient in no very enviable state of mind. He was unable even to make his escape; and he lay ruminating upon various schemes, either for counteracting Clermont's influence, or for effecting a retreat. At length, finding nothing that was likely to relieve him from his awkward dilemma, he resigned himself quietly to his destiny, desirous only of getting his head out of the scrape with as little damage as possible; and, wearied with conjectures, he fell asleep.

Adeline regarded the assiduous visits on the part of Clermont, only in the light of friendly inquiries after his friend's health; but it was his object not to permit Victor to take an affectionate leave of his young bride; he must be removed suddenly and secretly. For this purpose, Clermont now daily made his appearance with Alson's letter in his hand, which he held before Victor's eyes, while he threatened the unfortunate wight with instant exposure, if he should refuse to quit the field. He now provided him with a conveyance and then destroyed that important document which he had held up, like the angel's flaming sword behind our first parents, to drive the unlucky Victor out of Paradise.

He then returned to M. Molinet's house, where the first inquiry was about his friend.—"He bids you an eternal farewell!" replied Clermont; and you may rejoice that you never will behold his face again. His own letter will inform you, that he basely deceived you; that he forged the account of captain Alson's death,

and married Adeline during his lifetime. I threatened to reveal his treachery, and he quickly decamped, well knowing that he was not legally united to your daughter."

The lovely bride of two absent husbands then expressed her lively gratitude to the intended third, for his timely interference in rescuing her out of the hands of so base a character, while the merchant begged the favor of his friendship, and more frequent visits. But the artful Clermont checked his wishes for a short period, in order not to betray his own project.

To smooth the way more effectually to his wishes, he next brought forward the agreeable intelligence of the rogue Victor's death. The priest who had attended him declared (at least so said Clermont) that he had stopped at a village on account of illness, had received the sacrament, and died in peace. Thus Adeline was again free, and happy in being released from so awkward a kind of engagement. Of this the arch-traitor Clermont was soon assured by the manner of his reception. Every day they became more attached to each other; and Adeline gave him her hand with greater pleasure than she did to either of her other husbands. A splendid banquet welcomed the happy pair from the altar; but in the afternoon the sound of a carriage was heard, advancing at a smart pace up the street. All eyes were now turned toward the door; it opened; and, to the surprise of all the company, in rushed Victor with his drawn sword in his hand, which he pointed with threatening gesture at Clermont:—"Up, up, and defend your life!" he cried, at the same time dragging the astonished bridegroom with firm grasp out of the hall.

As these two rivals did not return, Adeline was obliged to submit to another disappointment; and her father took her to a retired spot, where they lived quietly for a year. The young lady then began to think of another husband, and the addresses

of the baron Marli were gladly accepted. The nuptial ceremony was performed without the slightest interruption. The feast and the dance passed pleasantly away; and the bridesmaids were already busied in disarranging the fair Adeline of her ornaments and jewels, when, as fate would have it, a long and loud knock was heard at the hall-door, enough to throw a nervous patient into fits. It was just midnight too; yet one of the footmen had courage enough to open the door; and a man with a wooden leg, limping as fast as he could along the hall, begged to be admitted to an interview with the master of the house. The servant grinned at him over his shoulder, and said that it would be better to postpone it to the following day.—“No, my good friend, it will not,” replied the stranger; my affair will admit of no delay.” But the servant only stared and shook his head, as if in contempt of his request. Upon this the stranger, flying into a passion, raised his crutch.—“Go, thou base varlet, or I will break every bone in thy skin!” and the footman ran to acquaint his master with this unseasonable visit. M. Molinet made his appearance in his night-gown and slippers, and, looking sternly at the intruder, begged to know his pleasure.—“Ah! do not you know your son-in-law Alson?” said the stranger.—Starting back several yards at one bound, the merchant raised up his hands in astonishment, and ordered a servant to call his daughter and her husband.—“I am her true husband,” said the one-legged man. The baron was confounded at this unexpected claim; but he soon reconciled himself to the loss of his bride, and made his retreat with a good grace.

The appearance of the supposed Alson was a trick of the two rogues, Victor and Clermont. The report of a fourth marriage had acted like poison upon their jealous and revengeful feelings; and not venturing, from a sense of mutual safety, to wreak them upon each other, they swore to prevent any other person

from availing himself of any advantage which they had forfeited. With this view, they pitched upon a wily young mendicant, who resembled Alson, and their base stratagem proved so far successful.

Adeline seemed inclined to make no farther adventures in the matrimonial lottery; but her father was more intent than ever upon finding a *bona-fide* son-in-law. Suitors again began to make their appearance and he allowed her no peace, until she agreed to be married to the Marquis Gilles. On the wedding night, when all had retired to rest, a cry of fire was heard, and the room next to the bridal chamber was found to be in flames. The marquis ran down stairs, and disappeared through the front door. The fire was fortunately extinguished, but the bridegroom was no longer to be seen. What had befallen him no one knew; his destiny remained a secret; and all that could be gathered, was, that some countrymen had beheld a carriage driving with great rapidity from the castle. Two days of grievous anxiety elapsed, when a courier made his appearance with the following letter, and after its delivery instantly galloped away.

“Madam—Your bridals are surely bewitched, and some dragon guards the entrance of the bridal chamber. I am no St. George, and feel no inclination to run a tilt with the monster, very willingly making room for the sixth fool who may take a fancy for such an adventure. GILLES.”

An aged advocate soon after was so deeply smitten with Adeline's charms, as to be quite unable to devote himself longer to his profession, without his fair client's consent and assistance. The lady, however, would certainly have refused him, had not her father kindly stepped in to second the plea; and she was at last over-persuaded to yield her hand. The ceremony was performed in as private a manner as possible. Only a few persons were aware that it was about to take place, and the domestics were in perfect ignorance of it

until all was concluded. The supper table had been removed, and the happy old bridegroom was just thinking of moving after it, when the waiter entered and announced—the *marquis Gilles*! What a thunderbolt of surprize for the whole party! *M. Molinet* alone had presence of mind to cry out, “Let the *marquis* go to the devil! tell him we have nothing to say to each other.”—But the *marquis* was already in the room: “First, my dear father,” he said, “do me the justice to hear my defence, and send me there afterwards. On the eventful night of my marriage. I was seized by robbers in my own court, and kidnapped blindfolded into a carriage, which proceeded the whole night. When it stopped, I was conducted into a place up steps and down steps, until they took the bandage from my eyes;—of very little service to me, in a dark room, with an iron door and no windows. Here the villains compelled me, by dint of threatening my life, to write that false and wicked epistle to my beloved *Adeline*, but which procured me better treatment, and perhaps saved my life. Shortly afterwards, they promised to release me, which they only did, however, within these last few hours. Yesterday they again blindfolded me; brought me out of the labyrinth; and conveyed me in a carriage to this very neighbourhood. Bidding me alight in some fields, they said to me, “That is your road to Paris; put your best foot foremost, and try to reach it before night-fall; for your young bride is celebrating her nuptials to-day with an old advocate. So make haste, or you will have no chance of avoiding the honors that are in store for you.” They then directed me to this house; and, before I had time to recover from my astonishment, they dragged me out of the carriage, and drove me with bitter mocks and gibings from their presence.”

“A fine romantic history!” exclaimed the old advocate; “but, my lord, who will bear witness to all

this? Besides, if you could, what would that help you? Your former marriage with my present bride, sir, has been revoked.”

“I know nothing of your quirks of law, and I should be a fool to contend with you: I will put it into the hands of some skilful expounder of justice like yourself. My present object, in coming here, is loudly to protest, once for all, against your presuming to usurp my place; for I neither can nor will listen to it.”

“Good,” replied the advocate: “and you likewise shall not venture to sport upon my manor, *marquis*; for I hereby appeal to the king, and my wife shall be entrusted, as a sacred deposit, until the decision of the case, into the hands of her father. I will soon get your bill of divorce confirmed.”

M. Gilles expressed himself satisfied with these terms. The cause was protracted so long, that the old advocate died before the conclusion; an event which was hailed with singular pleasure by the young *marquis*; but the lady now refused to favor him, declaring that she would rather die than think of receiving so ungallant a swain, who had once so basely deserted her.

Adeline’s recollections of him were soon effaced by the appearance of a rival, a very handsome young officer of hussars. On this occasion her father had less difficulty than on any of the preceding, in persuading her to listen to the young man’s vows, and she accepted him with the same dutiful sentiments as heretofore. Previously to the ceremony, the good old merchant took his future son-in-law aside: “You are aware, my friend, that you are only following in the wake of six other lovers, who are most of them now deceased. The fate of each has been strange, and I imagine they must all have been bewitched. If you are bent upon running the same risk, and will not be advised to think better of it, there is one little piece of advice which I shall give you, and which may perhaps serve to counteract the charm.

After you come from church, I would have you never once lose sight of your bride, until you have secured her for your own."

Adeline was conducted from the altar between her father and her seventh husband, and was just proceeding up the steps into the house. Suddenly hasty footsteps were heard behind them, and some one inquired for M. Molinet. Upon turning round the bridal party beheld a pale, haggard young man, in an officer's faded uniform, who stood looking at them, supported upon a crutch.

"Who inquires for me?" said M. Molinet, trembling in every limb as he spoke; "who are you? what is your business with me?"

"I am an unfortunate being," murmured the stranger, "betrayed by false friends; don't you recognise me?"

"No, sir," said Molinet, as the wedded pair were hurrying him up the steps, "I know nobody now."

"What," replied the stranger, "have my long sufferings so completely metamorphosed me?—Are you too a stranger to me, Adeline? Am I not recognized by my own wife? My first and only love, I am Alson."

"Just Heavens!" cried the bride, "surely that voice—"

"Away with you!" exclaimed M. Molinet, "do not listen to him, girl! he is only an impostor. Take her away, my dear son-in-law, and follow my advice." At the same time he pushed the young hussar and his daughter before him into the house. The stranger clapped his hand upon his sword, and confronting his rival, said, "Not a step farther, on your life, sir. Would you be guilty of eloping with my wife before my eyes?"

With enraged looks the hussar drew his broadsword; but Adeline arrested his arm. "No bloodshed,"

she cried, with entreating accents, "for that man is Alson. My first and best beloved! my eye indeed can scarcely recognize you, but my heart speaks the truth too feelingly—it is you. Yet I have already been so vilely deceived in this manner, that I am suspicious of every one; I must, therefore, insist upon receiving still more positive proofs of your existence than your mere appearance will afford; nor deem it want of affection that dictates our separation until these can be adduced. Believe me, I indulge not the least suspicion; but I owe thus much to my own character, and to the world. When once I am happy enough to be pronounced yours, lawfully yours, I will most joyfully give you my hand, and live and die with you alone."

Adeline then retired weeping into her chamber. The young hussar left the place with a bitter curse; and M. Molinet, with his eyes fixed in mute perplexed dismay upon the features of Alson, after some cogitating and talking with himself, at length reached out his hand, saying, "The longer I puzzle myself with your face and figure, the more I seem to recollect somebody very like you; but I think it must have been in some other world. Be that, however, as it may, you are heartily welcome, my boy; my poor son Alson—if you are Alson; and forgive me for giving you so rude a reception and for having you sent, so soon after your marriage, abroad. I had no idea you would stay so long."

Alson (for in fact it was no other), had no great difficulty in proving his identity, and he and Adeline had the pleasure of being twice married to each other, the old gentleman insisting upon a repetition of the ceremony after so long an absence; and it was the only real marriage out of seven, or rather eight.

GRACE NEVILLE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

TWO or three winters ago the little village of Ashley had the good fortune to have its curiosity excited by the sudden appearance of a lovely and elegant young woman, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Martin, a respectable farmer in the place. The pleasure of talking over a new comer in a country village, which, much as I love country villages, does, I confess, occasionally labour under a stagnation of topics, must not be lightly estimated. In the present instance the enjoyment was greatly increased by the opportune moment at which it occurred, just before Christmas, so that conjecture was happily afloat in all the parties of that merry time, enlivened the tea-table, and gave zest and animation to the supper. There was, too, a slight shade of mystery, a difficulty in coming at the truth, which made the subject unusually poignant. Talk her over as they might, nobody knew any thing certain of the incognita, or her story; nobody could tell who she was, or whence she came. Mrs. Martin, to whom her neighbours were on a sudden most politely attentive in the way of calls and invitations, said nothing more than that Miss Neville was a young lady who had come to lodge at Kibes Farm; and except at church Miss Neville was invisible. Nobody could tell what to make of her.

Her beauty was, however, no questionable matter. All the parish agreed on that point. She was in deep mourning, which set off advantageously a tall and full, yet easy and elastic, figure, in whose carriage the vigour and firmness of youth and health seemed blended with the elegance of education and good company. Youth and health were the principal characteristics of her countenance. There was health in her bright hazel eyes, with their rich dark eyelashes; health in the profu-

sion of her glossy brown hair; health in her pure and brilliant complexion; health in her red lips, her white teeth, and the beautiful smile that displayed them; health in her very dimple. Her manners, as well as they could be judged of in passing to and from church, leading one of the little Martins by the hand, and occasionally talking to him, seemed as graceful as her person and as open as her countenance. All the village agreed that she was a lovely creature, and all the village wondered who she could be. It was a most animating puzzle.

There was, however, no mystery in the story of Grace Neville. She was the only child of an officer of rank, who fell in an early stage of the Peninsular war; her mother had survived him but a short time, and the little orphan had been reared in great tenderness and luxury by her maternal uncle, a kind, thoughtless, expensive man, speculating and sanguine, who, after exhausting a good fortune in vain attempts to realize a great one, sinking money successively in farming, in cotton-spinning, in paper-making, in a silk-mill and a mine, found himself one fair morning actually ruined, and died (such things have happened) of a broken heart, leaving poor Grace, at three-and-twenty, with the habits and education of an heiress, almost totally destitute.

The poor girl found, as usual, plenty of comforters and advisers. Some recommended her to sink the little fortune she possessed in right of her father in a school; some to lay it by for old age, and go out to look at the world through the back windows—as a friend of mine calls going a-governessing; some hinted at the possibility of matrimony, advising, that at all events so fine a young woman should try her fortune by visiting about amongst her friends for a year

or two, and favoured her with a husband-hunting invitation accordingly. But Grace was too independent and too proud for a governess; too sick of schemes for a school; and the hint matrimonial had effectually prevented her from accepting any, even the most unsuspected, invitation. Besides, she said, and perhaps she thought, that she was weary of the world; so she wrote to Mrs. Martin, once her uncle's housekeeper, now the substantial wife of a substantial farmer, and came down to lodge with her at Ashley.

Poor Grace!—what a change! It was midwinter; snowy, sleety, foggy, wet. Kibes Farm, an old manor-house dilapidated into its present condition, stood with half its windows closed, a huge vine covering its front, and ivy climbing up the sides to the roof—the very image of chillness and desolation. There was, indeed, one habitable wing, repaired and fitted up as an occasional sporting residence for the landlord; but those apartments were locked; and she lived, like the farmer's family, in the centre of the house, made up of great, low, dark rooms with oaken panells, of long rambling passages, of interminable galleries, and broad gusty staircases, up which you might drive a coach and six. Such was the prospect within doors; and without, mud! mud! mud! nothing but mud! Then the noises;—wind in all its varieties, combined with bats, rats, cats, owls, pigs, cows, geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens and children, in all varieties also; for, besides the regular inhabitants of the farmyard, biped and quadruped, Mrs. Martin had within doors sundry coops of poultry, two pet lambs, and four boys from six years old downward, who were in some way or other exercising their voices all day long. Mrs. Martin, too, she whilome so soft-spoken and demure, had now found her scolding tongue, and was indeed noted for that accomplishment all over the parish: the maid was saucy, and the farmer smoked.

Poor Grace Neville! what a trial! what a contrast!—She tried to draw; tried to sing; tried to read; tried to work; and, above all, tried to be contented. But nothing would do. The vainest endeavour of all was the lost. She was of the social, cheerful temperament to which sympathy is a necessity; and having no one to whom she could say, how pleasant is solitude! began to find solitude the most tiresome thing in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were very good sort of people in their way—scolding and smoking notwithstanding: but their way was so different from hers; and the children, whom she might have found some amusement in spoiling, were so spoilt already as to be utterly unbearable.

The only companionable person about the place was a slipshod urchin, significantly termed “the odd boy;” an extra and supplementary domestic, whose department it is to help all the others out of doors and in; to do all that they leave undone; and to bear the blame of every thing that goes amiss. The personage in question, Dick Crosby by name, was a parish child, taken from the workhouse. He was, as nearly as could be guessed (for nobody took the trouble to be certain about his age), somewhere bordering on eleven; a long, lean, famished-looking boy, with a pale complexion, sharp thin features, and sunburnt hair. His dress was usually a hat without a crown; a tattered round frock; stockings that scarcely covered his ankles; and shoes that hung on his feet by the middle like clogs, down at heel, and open at toe. Yet, underneath these rags, and through all his buffings and cuffings from master and mistress, carter and maid, the boy looked, and was, merry and contented; was even a sort of wag in his way; sturdy and independent in his opinions, and constant in his attachments. He had a pet sheep-dog (for amongst his numerous avocations he occasionally acted as under-shepherd), a spectral, ghastly-looking animal, with a huge white head and

neck, and a gaunt black body—Mephistopheles might have put himself into such a shape. He had also a pet donkey, the raggedest brute upon the common, of whom he was part owner, and for whose better maintenance he was sometimes accused of such petty larceny as may be comprised in stealing what no other creature would eat—refuse hay, frosty turnips, decayed cabbage-leaves, and thistles from the hedge.

These two faithful followers had long shared Dick Crosby's affections between them; but, from the first day of Miss Neville's residence in Ashley, the dog and the donkey found a rival. She happened to speak to him, and her look, and smile, and voice, won his heart at once and for ever. Never had high-born damsel in the days of chivalry so devoted a page. He was at her command by night or by day; nay, "though she called another, Abraham,"²¹ He would let nobody else clean her shoes, carry her clogs, or run her errands; was always at hand to open the gates and chase away the cows when she walked; forced upon her his own hoard of nuts; and scoured the country to get her the wintry nosegays which the mildness of the season permitted,—sweet-scented coltsfoot, china roses, laurustinus, and stocks.

It was not in Grace's nature to receive such proofs of attachment without paying them in kind. Dick would hardly have been her choice for a pet, but being so honestly and ardently chosen by him, she soon began to return the compliment, and showered on him marks of her favor and protection; perhaps a little gratified, so mixed are human motives! to find that her patronage was still of consequence at Kibes Farm. Halfpence and sixpences, apples and gingerbread, flowed into Dick's pocket, and his outward man underwent a thorough transformation. He cast his rags, and put on for the first time in his life an entire suit of new clothes. A proud boy was Dick that day. It is recorded that he passed

a whole hour in alternate fits of looking in the glass and shouts of laughter. He laughed till he cried for sheer happiness.

I have been thus particular in my account of Dick Crosby, because, in the first place, he was an old acquaintance of mine, a constant and promising attendant at the cricket-ground—his temperament being so mercurial, that even in his busiest days, when he seemed to have work enough upon his hands for ten boys, he would still make time for play; in the second, because I owe to him the great obligation of being known to his fair patroness. He had persuaded her, one dry afternoon, to go with him, and let him show her the dear cricket-ground; I happened to be passing the spot, and neither of us could ever remember exactly how he managed the matter, but the boy introduced us. He was an extraordinary master of the ceremonies, to be sure; but the introduction was most effectually performed, and to our mutual surprise and mutual pleasure we found ourselves acquainted. I have always considered it one of the highest compliments ever paid me that Dick Crosby thought me worthy to be known to Miss Neville.

We were friends in five minutes. I found the promise of her lovely countenance amply redeemed by her character. She was frank, ardent, and spirited, with a cultivated mind and a sweet temper; not to have loved her would have been impossible; and she, besides the natural pleasure of talking to one who could understand and appreciate her, was delighted to come to a house where the mistress did not scold, or the master smoke; where there were neither pigs, children, nor chickens.

As spring advanced and the roads improved, we saw each other almost every day. The country round Ashley has a pretty pastoral character; meadows and coppices, winding lanes and a winding trout-stream, form its principal features; but their combination is often very pleasing, and the soft skies and mild breezes of April,

and the profuse floweriness of hedge-row, wood and field, gave a never-failing charm to our long rural walks. Grace was fond of wild flowers, which her *protégé* Dick was assiduous in procuring. He had even sacrificed the vanity of sticking the first bunch of primroses in his Sunday hat to the pleasure of offering them to her. They supplied her with an indoor amusement; she drew well, and copied his field nosegays with taste and delicacy. She had obtained, too, the loan of a piano, and talked stoutly of constant and vigorous practice, and of pursuing a steady course of reading. All young ladies, I believe, make such resolutions, and some few may possibly keep them; Miss Neville did not.

However lively and animated whilst her spirits were excited by society, it was evident that when alone poor Grace was languid and listless, and given to reverie. She would even fall into long fits of musing in company, start when spoken to, droop her fair head like a snow-drop, and sigh—oh, such sighs! so long, so deep, so frequent, so drawn from the very heart! They might, to be sure, have been accounted for by the great and sad change in her situation, and the death of her indulgent uncle; but these griefs seemed worn over. I had heard such sighs before, and could not help imputing them to a different cause.

My suspicions were increased when I found out accidentally that Dick and his donkey travelled every morning three miles to meet just such another Dick and such another donkey, who acted as letter-carriers to the whole village of Ashley. They would have arrived at Kibes Farm by noon in their natural progress, but Grace could not wait; so Dick and the donkey made a short cut across the country to waylay his namesake of the letter-bag, and fetch disappointment four hours sooner. It was quite clear that whatever epistles might arrive, the one so earnestly desired never came. Then she was so suspiciously fond of moon-

light, and nightingales, and tender poesy; and in the choice of her music, she would so repeat over and over one favourite duet, and would so blush if the repetition were remarked!—Surely she could not always have sung *La ci darem* by herself. Poor Grace Neville! Love was a worse disease than the solitude of Kibes Farm.

Without pretending to any remarkable absence of curiosity on the one hand, or pleading guilty to the slightest want of interest in my dear young friend on the other, I was chiefly anxious to escape the honour of being her confidante. So sure as you talk of love, you nourish it; and I wanted hers to die away. Time and absence, and cheerful company, and summer amusements would, I doubted not, effect a cure; I even began to fancy her spirits improving, when one morning, towards the middle of May, she came to me more hurried and agitated than I had ever seen her. The cause, when disclosed, seemed quite inadequate to produce so much emotion. Mrs. Martin had received a letter from her landlord, informing her that he had lent to a friend the apartments fitted up for himself at Kibes Farm, and that his friend would arrive on the succeeding day for a week's angling. "Well, my dear Grace, and what then?" "And this friend is Sir John Gower." "But who is Sir John Gower?" She hesitated a little—"What do you know of him?" "Oh, he is the proudest, sternest, cruelest man! It would kill me to see him: it would break my heart, if my heart be not broken already." And then, in an inexpressible gush of bitter grief, the tale of love which I had so long suspected burst forth. She had been engaged to the only son of this proud and wealthy baronet, with the full consent of all parties; and on the discovery of her uncle's ruined circumstances, the marriage had been most harshly broken off by his commands. She had never heard from Mr. Gower since they were separated by his father's autho-

city; but in the warmth and confidence of her own passionate and trustful love, she found an assurance of the continuance of his. Never was affection more ardent or more despairing. No common man could have awakened such tenderness in such a woman. I soothed her all I could, and implored her to give us the happiness of her company during Sir John's stay at Ashley; and so it was settled. He was expected the next evening, and she agreed to come to us some time in the forenoon.

The morning, however, wore away without bringing Miss Neville. Dinner-time arrived and passed, and still we heard no tidings of her. At last, just as we were about to send to Kibes Farm for intelligence, Dick Crosby arrived on his donkey, with a verbal request that I would go to her there. Of course I complied; and as we proceeded on our way, I walking before, he riding behind, but neither of us much out of our usual pace, thanks to my rapid steps and the grave funereal march of the donkey, I endeavoured to extract as much information as I could from my attendant, a person whom I had generally found as communicative as heart could desire.

On this occasion he was most provocingly taciturn. I saw that there was no great calamity to dread, for the boy's whole face was evidently screwed up to conceal a grin, which, in spite of his efforts, broke out every moment in one or other of his features. He was bursting with glee, which, for some unknown cause, he did not choose to impart; and seemed to have put his tongue under a similar restraint to that which I have read of in some fairy tale, where an enchanter threatens a loquacious

waiting-maid with striking her dumb if, during a certain interval, she utters more than two words—yes and no. Dick's vocabulary was equally limited. I asked him if Miss Neville was well? "Yes." If he knew what she wanted? "No." If Sir John Gower was arrived? "Yes." If Miss Neville meant to return with me? "No."

At last, unable to contain himself any longer, he burst into a shout something between laughing and singing, and, forcing the astonished donkey into a pace, which in that sober beast might pass for a gallop, rode on before me, followed by the barking sheep-dog, to open the gate; whilst I, not a little curious, walked straight through the house to Miss Neville's sitting-room. I paused a moment at the door, as by some strange counteraction of feeling one often does pause when strongly interested, and in that moment I caught the sweet notes of *La ci darem*, sung by a superb manly voice, and accompanied by Grace's piano; and instantly the truth flashed upon me, that the old Sir John Gower was gathered to his fathers, and that this was the heir and the lover come to woo and to wed. No wonder that Grace forgot her dinner engagement! No wonder that Dick Crosby grinned!

I was not mistaken. As soon as decorum would allow, Sir John carried off his beautiful bride, attended by her faithful adherent, the proudest and happiest of all odd boys! And the wedding was splendid enough to give a fresh impulse to village curiosity, and a new and lasting theme to the gossips of Ashley, who first or last could never comprehend Grace Neville.

THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

IN the *Causés Célèbres*, we find the following romantic story related as having actually occurred in France, and been the cause of a ju-

dicial proceeding in the courts of that country; with what truth will be afterwards seen.

"Two merchants, living in the

street St. Honorius, were connected with each other by the most sacred and inviolable ties of friendship, possessed of equal fortunes, and both engaged in the same branch of trade. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, also convinced her that her heart belonged to the son, who, in his turn, was no less attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits authorized by both fathers, who with pleasure observed the disposition of their children exactly suited to the intention they had of rendering them husband and wife. Accordingly a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues made his addresses to the lady as a lover. The delusive charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbour's son, and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and, like a virtuous woman, discharged the gentleman whom she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up, that she was taken for dead, and interred as such.

"We may readily suppose her first lover was not the last person who heard the account of this melancholy accident; but as he remembered that she had before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he flattered himself that her late misfortune might possibly be produced by the same cause. This opinion not only alleviated his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance, he raised her from her tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly imagine, he happily restored her to life.

"The lady, probably, was in no small consternation, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her lethargic paroxysm. It was no hard task to make her entertain a grateful sense of the obligation she lay under to her deliverer. The love she had borne him proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf: so that, when she was perfectly recovered, she justly concluded that her life belonged to him who had preserved it; and, to convince him of her affection, went along with him to England, where they lived for several years, superlatively happy in all the tender endearments of mutual love.

"About ten years after, they went to Paris, where they lived without any care to conceal themselves, because they imagined that nobody would ever suspect what had happened: but as fortune is too often an implacable enemy to the most sincere and rapturous love, the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, when the sight of her well-known person made such an impression on his mind that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. For this reason, he not only accosted her, but, notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to impose upon him, parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning.

"As the whimsical nature of this event clothed the lady with a set of charms, which the collector never before imagined her to be mistress of, he not only discovered her apartments at Paris, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but also claimed her as his spouse before the court authorized to decide in similar cases. In vain did the lover insist upon the right he had to her, resulting from the care he had taken of her. To no purpose did he represent, that without the measures taken by himself, the

lady would have been rotting in her grave,—that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred—that he might be justly arraigned as a murderer, for not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and a thousand other reasons, suggested by love, which is always ingenious where it is sincere. But, perceiving that the court was not likely to prove favourable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and, accordingly, made his escape along with the lady to a foreign climate, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits."

Some defects in the story, as thus given, will at once occur to every one. It is not said *when* it happened, or *what court* it came before; and to account for the want of any record of the judgment pronounced on the case, the parties are made to evade judgment by flying into a foreign country. It is, in fact, altogether, but an imperfect version of the incident which is said to have really occurred, not any where in France, but at Florence, during the great plague, in the year 1460. Dominico Maria Manni, who relates the story, says, that the sepulchre in which the lady was entombed alive was "pointed out even in his day;" and that the path by which she returned to the land of the living had, from this event, received, and was still known by the *Way of Death*. The name of the Florentine heroine was Ginevra de Amieri, and that of her lover Antonio Rondinelli. A father's tyranny, as in the French story, separated those whom nature seemed to have destined for each other; "bathed in tears, Ginevra received the wedding-ring from the hand of a man who had no place in her heart." On the breaking out of the plague, shortly after, she becomes ill, dies (to all appearance), and is buried the same day; "the law," says Manni, "not, perhaps, then existing, which requires that the dead should be

kept at least twenty-four hours above ground."—Ginevra's lover does not, like the Gaul, disinter her on a mere speculation of restoring her to life—a clumsy and improbable contrivance; but, in the dead of night, Ginevra herself awakes in the tomb, to all the horrors of her situation, forces her way out, and, as becomes a dutiful wife, (albeit in her shroud) hastens to her still weeping and disconsolate husband. A succession of adventures now awaits the wife alive again, which form, indeed, an admirable foundation for a *cause célèbre*, although they do not appear to have been so esteemed by the French compiler, who has given the story a turn which excludes them entirely. On knocking at the door of her husband, he looks out from the window, and, terrified at the sight of what he conceives to be the ghost of his departed wife, he hastily conjures it to depart in peace, and, before there is time to undeceive him, shuts the window, and will not face the spirit again. Dreadfully shocked at this reception, poor Ginevra has scarcely life and strength enough left to reach her father's house; but there also her appearance produces only terror and dismay, and a second time she is dismissed with a *Go in peace, blessed Spirit*. A beloved uncle lived not far distant, and to his door she crawled next. Alas! he is even more frightened than either husband or father; and, instead of the *Go in peace, blessed Spirit*, he is only able to stammer out some unintelligible ejaculations, while he slaps the door in her face. Ginevra could bear this denying of house and home no longer; she sunk on the ground "under the little terrace of St. Bartholomew," and fell as if she was now about to die in good earnest. A thought of her first lover, Rondinelli, now crossed her mind. "Ah!" sighed she, "he surely would not have thus turned me away." The idea, gave, happily, a reviving turn to her thoughts. "And why," said she, "may I not try whether he will receive me now,

that every one else rejects me?" The way was long to his house; but, gathering strength from the new hopes which began to animate her, she gained his threshold, and knocked. Rondinelli himself opened the door. He also thought the figure before him some unearthly visitant, but nothing dismayed, asked it calmly "Whose spirit it was?" and "What it wanted?" Ginevra, tearing aside the shroud from her face, exclaimed, with an agonized voice, "I am no spirit, Antonio! I am that Ginevra you once loved, but who was buried—buried alive!" She could say no more, but dropped senseless into his arms. Rondinelli, whom one moment had made the most astonished, delighted, and yet alarmed of human beings, soon brought the whole of his family around the fair sufferer by his cries and exclamations. She was instantly put into a warm bed, and, with the help of proper restoratives, was, next day, able to join the family circle of her lover, and in a few days more was as healthy and blooming as ever! What was now to be done? Was Ginevra to return to the husband from whom the grave had separated her, and to whom she had never been attached? or was she to find a new one in the man she had first and always loved, and who had received her into his arms when all the rest of the world had, as it were, cast her out? Love and gratitude decided the question; and, with the consent and privy of Rondinelli's nearest relations, the two lovers were made one. Unlike the hero

and heroine of the French tale, they fled not, however, to a foreign land to conceal their loves; for, on the first Sunday after their nuptials, they appeared publicly together at the Cathedral of Florence. The friends of Ginevra instantly recognizing her, were confounded with astonishment; they crowded around her, and, as curiosity and affection dictated, showered on her their questions and congratulations. She explained to them the various circumstances attending her resuscitation; reminded them how one after another they had turned her from their doors; and declared that when thus rejected and disowned by her husband and kindred, she had found a protector (taking Rondinelli by the hand,) in one to whom all her love and all her duty were now transferred. Her first husband, however, having no mind to be thus discarded, insisted strongly on his previous right, a right which, as he alleged, nothing but death *in earnest* could dissolve. An appeal was made to the bishop, with whom it lay to decide in such matters. The case was solemnly argued before him; and, to conclude the striking differences between the Italian story and the French version of it,—neither did the lovers evade the decision, nor had they any occasion to evade it. The bishop (Oh! most excellent bishop!) decided, that, under all circumstances, the first husband had forfeited all right, not only to the person of Ginevra, but to the dowry he had received with her, which he was ordered to pay over to Rondinelli.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. JORDAN.

THE late Mrs. Jordan possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender emotions, and these were called into action by the least approach of misery or distress.

During her short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three

small children, was, by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison; a small debt of about forty shillings had been worked up in a short time, by law expenses, into a bill of eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him his demand, and ob-

served, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume, "you lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and, with a low bow, made his exit: on the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated, as Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow, with her children, followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain in a kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and, with much grateful emotion, exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin." The children, beholding their mother's tears, added by their cries, to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold without strong feelings of sympathy.

The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes; however, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hands, and, in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there, now it's all over, go, good woman, God bless you—don't say another word:" the grateful creature would have replied, but this good female Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure. It so happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger: but would to the Lord, the world were all like thee!" The figure of this man bespoke his calling: his countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person.

The penetrating eye of Thalia's favourite votary soon developed his

character and profession, and with her wonted good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied, "No, I won't shake hands with you." "Why?" "Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!" "The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed—and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my Great Master without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"

"Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say—but—I—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like me, when I tell you who I am." "I hope I shall." "Well, then, I tell you I am a player." The preacher sighed—"Yes, I am a player, and you must have heard of me—Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and with a complacent countenance, replied, "The Lord bless thee! whatever thou art; his goodness is unlimited; he has bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit, and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together, the offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy, and the serious disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling: at parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, "*Fare thee well, sister, I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be; thou art the first I ever conversed with, but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'*"

A LAWYER'S BILL.

Attending on your worship, to	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
Receive your charge, to plead or no,	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
Your honour then was out of town,	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	3	4
The next day met you at the Crown;	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
Perusing title writings then;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	3	4
The Thursday after met again;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
The bill was filed, and I began, Sir,	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	14	6
To take instructions for your answer;	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	9	2
Attendance, trouble and my Clerk	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	14	6
Was forced to travel in the dark;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
Revising, altering, and so forth,	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	3	4
You needs must own my labour worth	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
Was greatly pleased on second view;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
Again attended upon you;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	4	0
Fair copy, closely wrote, ten sheets	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8
This and the original completes,	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	3	4
Attending to peruse the same;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2	0
Two hours waiting ere you came;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	14	0
Subpenas, summons, and the rest;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1	0
Attended once completely drest;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	4	0
Counsel, pleading, and the like,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	3	4
For tipping fairly, pike and pike;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	16	6
Fair copy of this placid bill;	-	-	-	-	-	-	-			
Porters, letters, servant Will:	-	-	-	-	-	-	-			
Expenses of our meeting, you	}	-	-	-	-	-	-			
Discharged beforehand, nothing due;	}	-	-	-	-	-	-			

£ 17 7 6

The full contents are now strictly paid,

By Client S. T. U. aforesaid.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON A WATCHMAN.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toils.—GRAY.

THY lips are dumb ;—thy watch-box's turn'd about ;—
 Thy staff is broke, that broke full many a head ;—
 Thy rattle's lost its tongue ;—thy lamp's gone out ;—
 Alas ! poor Dozey !—and art thou too dead ?—

'Tis so ;—and o'er thy silent grave
 I gravely tip the solemn stave,
 Thy memory to reverse ;—
 How oft amidst nocturnal strife,
 Thou check'dst the course of boist'rous " Life,"—
 To choicest spirits dear !

Gay spirits those, that hours of laughter gave,
 Ah ! now thy social spirits all are grave.

And dost thou sleep within thy box
 Below this turf !—Ah ! memory cocks
 Her eye at what has been ;—
 Oft, as I pass'd thy watch-box door,
 How loudly have I heard the snore
 Come rumbling from its den !

Soundly thou sleepedst,—sounder sleep'st thou now,—
 Nought can wake thee,—even a " General Row."

What voice could equal thine, my friend,
 As round thy beat your footsteps bend,
 Your staff and lamp adorning ;
 When with a voice like thunder-shock,
 Thou bawl'dst aloud—" Past two o'clock,
 " And a fine moonlight morning !"

Alas ! for all the hours thou'st call'd, good lack,
Would, for thy sake, that thou could'st call them—back !

O Judge, inflexible and strong,
Who held the scale 'twixt right and wrong,
So even o'er the town ;
Who never let a charge escape,
Or compromised a drunken scrape,
For less than half a crown !

Ungrateful fate ! I fear thou'lt find, where hurl'd,
There's no such justice in the other world !

As the all illimitable sea,
Unbounded thy philanthropy,
How seldom is it met !
A friend thou wast in time of need
To ev'ry one—who pledg'd, indeed,
In max or heavy wet !

Nor wilt thou, Dozey, in the realms of bliss,
Ever, I fear, meet friendship—such as this !

Yet thou hadst faults, tho' pity owns,
We should " inter them with his bones"—
Yet in my faithful rhyme
The truth must out ; and even now
Recoils my mind to think how thou
Belied the grey-beard Time !

But ye are quits—or soon methinks will be,
Since Time now lies so heavily on thee !

How wert thou lov'd ! and ah, by whom !
Hear the proud boast, and burst thy tomb !
By those whose hearts of steel,
Had their proud country's trial stood,
And left her for that " country's good,"
Or labour'd at her weal !

O ! thought of joy ! to have no doubting whether,
The lov'd and loving yet shall meet together !

Beauty and youth subjected were
To thy young arms, the willing fair,
And not unwilling brown,
Thou could'st command e'en at thy call ;
O, happy youth ! the loves of all
The danse's—of the town !

Among the angels that above us revel,
I'll warrant, Dozey, thou art still a—devil !

Still, when in daylight's brazen front,
I've seen thee fair ones homeward hunt,
With lamp-light's oozing flame ;
Oh, I have view'd the sight, and sigh'd,
And eke, in mental anguish cried,
Oh, 'tis a burning shame !

Oh, Dozey, Dozey, for past errors weep ;
And mind where now what company you keep !

The staff in hand, thy rattle tied,
And dangling silent by your side,
With lamp-light in thy fist,
Thou stalk'st along from street to street,
Around (when it rain'd not) your beat,
Like champion of the list.

O man, you'll ne'er another Dozey meet,
Shall beat the virtues of thy virtuous beat !

No more ;—no more ;—for breathless time in vain
 Suffices not thy virtues to unfold ;
 In friendship and the muses' endless strain
 Time were defunct—thy merits half untold !

Thy watch is set !—and what have friends to do ?
 The friends of " life "—but strive their cares to drown—
 In lush, and max, and heavy—ah, for who,
 Who shall knock up, whom death has once knock'd down ?

A THEATRICAL EPISTLE,

FROM AN ITINERANT PLAYER TO HIS FRIEND.

DEAR TOM,

TO let you into 'Secrets worth Knowing,' my last 'Trip to Scarborough' afforded me a fair opportunity of turning 'Dramatist,' and obtained me no small portion of 'Notoriety ;' the 'Critic' called me 'The Child of Nature,' and I was said to have merited the appellation of a 'Humorist.' I afterwards sustained the principal characters in 'Love, Law, and Physic,' and the 'Wedding Ring,' and assisted in 'Taming of a Shrew' by means of 'Matrimony ;' but this proved nothing better than a 'Tragedy Rehearsed,' for notwithstanding we lived as 'Man and Wife,' it was proved before 'The Honey Moon' was consummated that she was the 'Wife of two Husbands ;' of course there was 'The Devil to Pay,' although you perhaps may think it 'Much ado about Nothing.' But though 'Every one has his Fault,' I determined to leave her like a 'Choleric Man,' and in spite of her crying 'Heigho for a Husband,' and without calling in the 'Village Lawyer' or any one to 'Hear both Sides,' and as 'Love laughs at Locksmiths,' I broke the 'Padlock' from the door, and performed the part of a 'Runaway.' Thus parted 'My Spouse and I.' After this duplicity on the part of 'My Wife,' regarding such 'Cabal and Love' as the mere 'Follies of a Day,' I turned 'Doctor and Apothecary' and 'Dear Lover,' forming strong resolutions while thus a 'Prisoner at Large' to follow the advice of 'My Grandmother,' who always said to me, 'Look before you Leap,'

and 'Know your own Mind.' Being reduced, however, by this 'Chapter of Accidents' to the 'Manager's last Kick,' it was soon with me 'Who wants a Guinea ;' 'Turn Out' soon followed, and 'A House to be Sold.' Indeed it might have truly been said that I was 'The Manager' in Distress ;' for to let you into another 'Secret,' it brought on the 'Blue Devils,' and I appeared to be in a complete 'Doldrum,' insomuch that I even contemplated 'Suicide,' had not a 'Recruiting Officer' taken me to see a 'Review' at 'Hartford Bridge.' It was here I saw the 'World in a Village,' and entered into a new 'Speculation,' by personating 'The Heir at Law' to the 'Votary of Wealth,' by which 'Stratagem,' 'Knave or Not,' I had nearly succeeded in eloping with an 'Heiress ;' but for the interposition of the 'Man of the World,' her 'Guardian,' who being assisted by the 'Miller and his Men,' stopped us at the 'Turnpike Gate.' I now considered myself to be completely in the 'Road to Ruin,' but, favoured by the darkness of the 'Midnight Hour,' which was certainly 'Darkness Visible,' I made my escape to a 'Woodman's Hut,' and next morning, 'Just in Time,' commenced my 'Journey to London,' in the 'Stage Coach,' to devise 'Ways and Means' for 'Raising the Wind,' but not as a 'Provoked Husband,' 'Fortune's Frolic' having deprived me of my intended, but now 'Mourning Bride.' My fellow 'Travellers' were a 'Fair Quaker of Deal,' a 'Benevolent Tar,' a 'Citizen,' a 'Poor Gentleman,'

and a 'Monk.' The 'Citizen' seemed contriving 'How to grow Rich,' and was very careful of a small 'Iron Chest.' The 'Monk' and the 'Benevolent Tar' were emblems of 'False and True;' and as I looked in the face of the 'Fair Quaker,' I could not help contemplating that she was thinking more of the 'Way to get Married' than of those about her; yet I by no means considered her to be a 'Romp,' but her beautiful eyes seemed alternately to say 'She would and she would not,' and you need not be informed that 'Seeing is Believing.' The 'Poor Gentleman,' who was a silent yet an attentive observer of all that passed, reminded me of 'Days of Yore,' and his countenance indicated that he wanted 'A Cure for the Heart Ache,' while the spare form and lank visage of the 'Monk' reminded me of the 'Castle Spectre,' and I very naturally concluded that many a 'Tale of Mystery' lay hid in the 'Secret Mine' of his dark bosom, which was then perhaps burning with all the rage of 'Revenge.' I was awoke

from the 'Trances of Nourjahad' as the coach stopped opposite the 'Haunted Tower,' by the pressing solicitations of a little 'Country Girl,' a 'Soldier's Daughter,' in behalf of a 'Distressed Mother.' The 'Benevolent Tar' emptied his 'Purse,' the 'Monk' gave her his 'Benediction,' the 'Fair Quaker' a 'Tear or Two,' the 'Citizen' some sage advice, which she was not capable of following, as it was only adapted to the 'Way of the World,' the 'Poor Gentleman' administered 'Sighs,' those envoys of the heart which he fain would have repressed, and which bespoke him a 'Man of Ten Thousand.' The company here separated; I took up my abode in the 'First Floor' of a 'Boarding House,' resolving to adopt 'Cheap Living,' as our Theatre is not yet opened, and as I am not certain that you will set all this down as the 'Lie of the Day,' or consider me as acting the part of 'Harlequin Hoax,' without wasting any more Christian ink, I shall subscribe myself, dear Tom, your's very truly, D. R.

A MATRIMONIAL REFORM IN BARBADOES.

BY MR. COLERIDGE.

I WAS present when the first Protestant bishop arrived in the bay of Bridgetown; and the landing was a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The ships of war wore dressed and their yards manned, and salutes fired, this was pretty and common; but such a sight as the carenage presented very few ever witnessed. On the quay, on the mole, in boats, on posts, on house-tops, through doors and windows, wherever a human foot could stand, was one mass of black faces. As the barge passed slowly along, the emotions of the multitude were absolutely tremendous; they threw up their arms and waved their handkerchiefs, they danced and jumped, and rolled on the ground; they sang and screamed and shouted and roared, till the whole surface of the place seemed to

be one huge grin of delight. Then they broke out into a thousand wild exclamations of joy and passionate congratulations, uttered with such vehemence, that, new as it was then to me, it made me tremble, till I was somewhat restored by a chorus of negro girls,—“De bissop is come; de bissop is come! He is coming to marry us, coming to marry us all!”

And some of “de bissop’s” motions were certainly curious enough. At Trinidad, for example, he visited the Indian missions of Arima, where, in addition to the usual mixture of population, there are about three hundred free negro settlers from the United States; and Mr. Coleridge thus describes the scene:—

“It happened to rain hard at the time, and the *padre* of the mission was courteous enough to offer the use

of the chapel, into which we all accordingly entered with one consent. The Americans being after some time tolerably composed, their men on one side, and their women and children on the other; the bishop standing before the altar (the pyx being first duly removed), the padre on the right hand, the chaplains on the left, myself in a corner, *los senores regidores*, the alcades and cacique of the Indians bearing their wands of office, and *las senores* their wives, with their patient babies, all awaiting in deep resignation the explanation of this mystery, sir Ralph Woodford, in the Windsor uniform, took his Leghorn hat from off his head, vibrated his silver studded Crowther with the grace of a Cicero, and, as the Spaniards say, ‘*con gentil donayre y continente,*’ in *hunc modum locutus est*;

“Silence there!—What for you make all dat dere noise? Me no tand dat, me can tell you. I hear that there have been great disturbances amongst you, that you have been quarrelling and fighting, and that in one case there has been a loss of life. Now, me tell you all flat, me no allow dat sort of ting—me take away your cutlashes, you savey dat? What for you fight? Because you nasty drunk with rum. You ought to be ashamed; you no longer now slave—king George have tak you from America (you know dis much better place dan America,) he make you free.—What den? Me tell you all dis—(what for you no make quiet your piccaninny, you great tall ting dere?)—me tell you dis—if you free, you no idle; you savey dat? You worky, but you worky for yourself, and make grow noice yams and plaintains—den your wives all fat, and your piccaninny tall and smooth. You try to make your picnies better and more savey dan yourself. You all stupid—what den! no your fault dat—you no help it. Now but you free, act for yourself like buckra, and you love your picnies? yes—well den, you be glad to send dem to school, make dem read, write, savey count-

ing, and able pray God Almighty in good words, when you no savey do so yourself. Now do bishop is come to do all this; his majesty king George have sent him from England to take care of you and all of us: he is very much gentleman, and he king, you savey, of all de parson. He savey every ting about you; he love you dearly; he come from England across the sea to see your face—so you be very bad people, if you no obey him? Yes, you very bad, much wicked people if you don’t.”

“Finierat Woodford: his harangue, of which the above is an imperfect sketch, produced a great effect, and a murmur of applause arose from the assembled Yankees; then the bishop addressing them, and, as the governor had laid down the law *civiliter*, so he spoke to them *spiritualiter*; his manner was affectionate and impressive, his matter simple and cogent, and he concluded by solemnly blessing, in the name of God, the whole congregation. The padre was very complimentary in Andalusian, the negroes elated in negro tongue, and the poor dear Indians quiet, staring, and as cognizant of the nature of what was going on as of the proceedings of the house of commons. It was altogether a strange contrast of different natures, and a theme for passing smiles and lasting thoughts.

“According to appointment, at nine the next morning, Mr. Mitchell’s house was surrounded by a noisy multitude of men, women, and children. Some came to be baptized, some to gossip, and some to be married. Many of the latter brought in their arms smiling arguments that the prayers of the church for fecundity would be superfluous. They all entered the house with perfect *nonchalance*, roamed about in every part of it, and laughed and gabbled in as unrestrained a manner as they would have done in their own huts, Mrs. Mitchell’s parlour where I had slept, was constituted baptistery and altar. A white cloth was spread on

the table, and a large glass vase, filled with pure water, was placed in the middle. After about a quarter of an hour's arduous exertions, on the part of the governor and commandant, these light-hearted creatures were reduced to as low a degree of noise as their natures would admit. The bishop then read the first part of the service, the whole party kneeling on the floor; but, when the right of aspersion came to be performed, there was almost a riot from the mothers jockeying for the honour of first baptism at the bishop's hand. The two chaplains ministered till they streamed; and never did I hear such incessant squalling as arose from the regenerated picaninnies. I think seventy were baptized and registered, which was the most laborious part of all. We had some difficulty in collecting them for the conclusion of the service; but, upon the whole, the adult negroes behaved exceedingly well, and displayed every appearance of unfeigned devotion.

"And then came Hymen! Bless thine eyes, sweet divinity, how I love thee! Thou that camest so easily to these poor votaries, when wilt thou come to me? When wilt thou, with a spark from thy golden torch, set fire to political economy, and reduce to ashes the relation which sexagenarians have created between population and the means of subsistence? About a dozen couples were agreed, but seven or eight more were influenced by the sweet contagion, and struck up a marriage on the spot, as we see done at the ends of the

old comedies. One woman, I remember, turned sulky, and would not come to the scratch; but Chesapeake, her lover, was not to be so done: 'Now you savey, Mol,' said he, 'me no tand your shim shams; me come to be married, and me *will* be married; you come beg me when I get another:' still Moll coquetted it; Chesapeake went out, stayed five minutes, and, as I am a Christian man, brought in a much prettier girl under his arm, and was married to her forthwith. I suppose Chesapeake had his reputation. I have known cases in England, where something of this sort of manly conduct would have had a very salutary effect. Now a grand difficulty arose from their being no rings; those in the women's ears being too large by half. Hereupon I took—not thy hair, my Eugenia! oh no—but a gold hoop which my good father bought for me from a wandering Jew; this I offered for the service of the sable bridegrooms, and I now wear it as a sort of charm as close as possible to Eugenia's hair. It noosed thirteen couples. I gave away most of the brides; one of them, a pretty French girl, of the Romish faith, behaved very ill; she giggled so much that the clergyman threatened to desist from the ceremony, and her mate, a quiet and devout Protestant, was very angry with her. When she was kneeling after the blessing, I heard her say to her husband—'Diton, Jean, hooka drole manière de se marier! hê! hê! hê!' I'll warrant she leads her spouse a decent life of it."

VARIETIES.

HONOURABLE MEN.

THERE are certain absurdities in France, which we could scarcely believe it possible to exist. An instance of this occurs to my recollection at this moment. One morning while we were in Paris, our lacquey de place did not appear as usual.

Breakfast passed, the carriage drove to the door, still no lacquey, and Colonel Cleveland, in a passion, had sent to engage another, when, panting with exertion, the gentleman appeared. 'He was very sorry—he had begged ten thousand pardons—he had hoped to get his little affair over

sooner." "Your affairs, you scoundrel, what are your affairs to us? Do you think we are to sit waiting here, while you are running after your own affairs?" "Pardonnez moi, monsieur," said the lacquey with a low bow, and laying his hand on his heart; "but it was an affair of honour!" And the man had actually been fighting a duel that morning with swords, with another lacquey, in consequence of some quarrel while waiting for us at the French Opera the night before! On enquiry, we found this was by no means extraordinary, and that two shoe-blacks have been known to fight a regular duel, with all the punctilios of men of fashion.—*Continental Adventures.*

HONESTY OF THE SWISS.

The traveller in Switzerland should remember, that even a solitary female, alone and unattended, will always be perfectly safe throughout the whole country, and in the wildest and most lonely passes of the Alps, by trusting to the native guides, upon whose fidelity and honesty the most perfect reliance may be placed. All the Swiss themselves, from the highest to the lowest, will confirm this statement. The author is well acquainted with a Swiss lady, of high character and respectability, who every summer mounts her mule, and, without any servant of her own, makes a new tour (always varying the route) among the mountains, to indulge her passion for botany. No injury, insult, or impertinence has she ever met with, nor will any be offered to the most unprotected stranger. Robbery and murder are wholly unknown, though there is no country in the world which affords the same facilities for their successful perpetration, both from the inexhaustible retreats for banditti, which its forests, its mountains, its rocky caves, and impregnable fortresses present, and the extensive foreign frontiers which invest it on every side. Austrian Italy, Sardinia, France, Bavaria, and numerous Ger-

man states, lie ready to receive the fugitive and the outlaw.

As somebody once said of a different country, "one good thing about Switzerland is, that wherever you are placed in it, you can soon get out of it." With such temptations and security to the robber, it surely says much for the morals and character of the people, that robbery is unknown.—*Continental Adventures.*

THE DRUNKARD.

A drunkard is one that will be a man to-morrow morning, but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend the better. One that bath let go himself from the hold and stay of reason, and lies open to the mercy of all temptations. No lust but finds him disarmed and fenceless, and with the least assault enters. If any mischief escape him, it was not his fault, for he was laid as fair for it as he could. Every man sees him, as Cham saw his father the first of this sin, an uncovered man, and though his garment be on, uncovered, the secretest parts of his soul lying in the nakedest manner visible; all his passions come out now, all his vanities, and those shamefuller humors which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a miry way, where the spirits are belogged and cannot pass: all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the use he has of this vessel himself, is to hold thus much; for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that filled out again into the room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves to air him after a washing, and is his only breath, and breathing while. He is the greatest enemy to himself, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindness, for his kindness is but trying a mastery, who shall sink down first: and men come from him as a battle, wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a man

off more from his credit, and business, and makes him more wretchedly careless what becomes of all. Indeed he dares not enter on a serious thought, or if he do, it is such melancholy that it sends him to be drunk again.

A CHILD.

A child is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and entice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice of the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity.

Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

ROYAL LIBERALITY.

Frederic William, King of Prussia, had an ambassador at the Hague, whose name was Luisius; and certainly of all the ambassadors that appertained to royalty, he was paid the worst. This poor man, that he might be able to keep a fire, had cut down some trees in the garden of Hous-lardick, which then appertained to the royal house of Prussia. His next despatches brought him word that the king, his gracious sovereign, had stopped on this account a year's salary to defray his damages, and Luisius, in a fit of despair, cut his throat with the only razor he had. An old valet happening to come in, called assistance, and unhappily for him saved his life. I afterwards met with his excellency at the Hague, and gave him alms at a gate of the palace which is called the old court, and which belonged to the King of Prussia, where this poor ambassador had lived twelve years.—*Memoirs of Voltaire.*

A BUENOS AYRES DANDY.

The postmaster was somewhat of an exquisite, for a person of his stamp, or a gaucho fino; he was a fine active fellow, a native of Buenos Ayres, quite *au fait* in the art of breeding and running horses; most expert in the use of the lasso, and especially of the boles, which he always carried round his waist; his address was pleasing; his countenance expressed gaiety and good humour, his carriage was graceful; he was dressed in a small blue jacket, with a double row of round gilt buttons, and a little narrow-brimmed hat; his scarlet fringed poncho, doubled, was tied round him like a petticoat, by his long green sash, which folded round his waist; he had white calico trowsers, with a deep fringe at the bottom, but he had neither stockings nor shoes; mounted on

horseback, he was a subject for a painter.—*Mier's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

A POLISH JOKE.

During the reign of Stanislaus Poniatowski, a petty noble having refused to resign to Count Thisenhaus his small estate, the count invited him to dinner, as if desirous of amicably adjusting the affair; and whilst the knight, in the pride of his heart at such unexpected honour, assiduously plied the bottle, the count despatched some hundreds of peasants with axes, ploughs, and wagons, ordering the village, which consisted only of a few wooden buildings, to be pulled down, the materials carried away, and the plough passed over the ground which the village had occupied. This was accordingly done. The nobleman on his return home could find neither road, house, nor village. The master and his servant were alike bewildered, and knew not whether they were dreaming, or had lost the power of discrimination, but their surprize and agony were deemed so truly humorous, that the whole court was delighted with the joke.

EXECUTIONS IN SPAIN.

The executioner places the head of the culprit between his own thighs, and on the signal being given, they both swing off together, the former sitting, *a cali fourchon*, on the shoulders of the latter; he then twists the body round and round with the utmost velocity, at the same time kicking violently with his heels on the breast and lungs of the criminal, and rising himself up and down, (as one does in a hard trot) to increase the weight of the hanging man; all this the Spaniards assure us is to put the unhappy wretch the sooner out of misery. We leave our feeling readers to judge of the real effect which must thus be produced on the miserable sufferer. The face is never covered, and the bodies are left hanging the whole day, with all the

horrible distortion produced on the countenance by so frightful a death. The moment the hangman throws himself off with the criminal, all the spectators take off their hats and begin saying *Ave Marias* for the soul of the dying man, which continue all the time that the executioner is twisting and twirling and swinging and jumping. The Spaniards have the oddest way of praying it is possible to conceive; they begin in a high loud tone, *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios*, and gradually descend to a low buzz, scarcely audible; this, added to the lively motions of the hangman, change entirely the effect of so awful a scene; for when observed from a short distance, it appears literally as if the two men were waltzing together, while the spectators are humming a slow march. A large black robe, with a broad white collar, is the costume of all condemned criminals in Spain.

WINTER IN LONDON.

(By a French Traveller.)

It is difficult to form an idea of the kind of winter days in London. The smoke of fossil coals forms an atmosphere, perceivable for many miles, like a great round cloud attached to the earth. In the town itself, when the weather is cloudy and foggy, which is frequently the case in winter, this smoke increases the general dingy hue, and terminates the length of every street, with a fixed grey mist, receding as you advance. But when some rays of sun happen to fall on this atmosphere, its impure mass assumes immediately a pale orange tint, similar to the effect of Claude Lorraine glasses—a mild, golden haze, quite beautiful. This air, in the mean time, is loaded with small flakes of smoke in sublimation—a sort of flour of soot so light as to float without falling. This black snow sticks to your clothes or linen, or lights upon your face. You just feel something on your nose or cheek; the finger is applied mechanically, and fixes it into a black patch.

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